

012612 de 1.



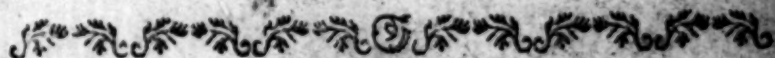
H I S T O R Y
O F

Sir HARRY HERALD

A N D

Sir EDWARD HAUNCH.

VOL. I.



3 vols. in 1

Q. 25

3/6

THE
HISTORY
OF
Sir HARRY HERALD
AND
Sir EDWARD HAUNCH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

Printed for, and Sold by, F. NOBLE, at his Circulating Library in *King-street, Covent-Garden*, and J. NOBLE, at his Circulating Library in *St. Martin's-Court, near Leicester-Square.*

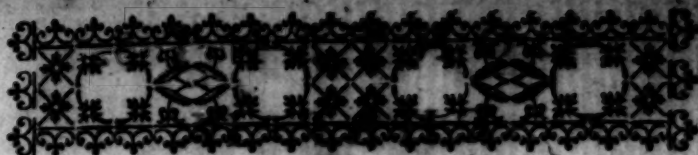
MDCCLV.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE
OXFORD
ST. HARRY HERALD
ST. EDWARD HANCOCK

THE THREE VOLUMES



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE
OXFORD
ST. HARRY HERALD
ST. EDWARD HANCOCK
MCCCLV



THE

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

CHAP. I.

Necessary to be read for the better understanding those which are to follow. Page 1

CHAP. II.

Full as interesting as the former. 12

CHAP. III.

Contains the Character of an old Bachelor, and other important Matters. Page 25

VOL. I. CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. IV.

*An Intrigue, which the inquisitive
Reader will not pass over.* 37

CHAP. V.

*Contains a Description of three Country
Houses.* 49

CHAP. VI.

*A Love Scene, followed by another
not quite so interesting to some
Readers.* 65

CHAP. VII.

*Which perhaps will afford but little
Entertainment to the Female
Reader.* 80

CHAP. VIII.

*Contains a Tea-Table Conversation,
upon several unfashionable To-
pics.* 91

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. IX.

*An inviting Conversation, between
the two Ladies.* 104

CHAP. X.

*In which the Reader will meet with
some uncommon Reflections.* 116

CHAP. XI.

*An unlucky Mistake; the Conse-
quences of it.* 131

CHAP. XII.

*A Conversation between Pride, Awa-
rice, and Love, in the Persons of
Sir Harry, Mr. Herald, and
Charles.* 142

CHAP. XIII.

*Which will give but little Satisfaction
to the tender-hearted Reader.* 151

CHAP.

CONTENTS

CHAP. XIV.

Of as much Importance as the preceding one. 163

CHAP. XV.

A Wife intended, and to whom. 178

CHAP. XVI.

Some new Characters introduced to the Reader's Acquaintance. 188

CHAP. XVII.

A Conjecture of Sir Edward Haunch not ill founded. 200

CHAP. XVIII.

Which cost the Author some trouble, but is of little Consequence to the Reader. 224

THE



THE
HISTORY
OF


Sir HARRY HERALD

AND

Sir EDWARD HAUNCH.

CHAP. I.

Necessary to be read for the better understanding those which are to follow.

 *IR* Harry Herald, a Gentleman of Shropshire, was descended from one of the most ancient Families of the Kingdom.

VOL. I.

B

dom,

2 History of Sir Harry Herald
dom--even *Truth* admitted his Gene-
alogy could be traced as far back as
William the Conqueror; but *that*,
he has been often heard to say, was
a Descent of *Yesterday*, and would
compound for no *Æra* later than
Alfred the Great—Nay, after Mid-
night, and t'other Bottle, never
failed of boasting, the Blood of *Boa-
dicea* ran in his Veins, though, from
every Account we can collect of that
Princess, (if such a one ever exi-
sted) her whole Family was totally
extirpated by the *Romans*—But *Bur-
gundy* has that peculiar Quality, it
does not only create a new *Circula-
tion*, but new *Blood*, and fills its
Votaries with most fantastic, and vi-
sionary Ideas of Happiness; and
especi-

and Sir Edward Haunch.

3

especially so, where the seat of the Heart is already surrounded with chimerical Imaginations of hereditary Honours, that have been laid in Dust these thousand Years.

Of this cast of thinking, was Sir *Harry Herald*; yet, abstracted from this absur'd Weakness, a Man of many eminent Virtues; but chose rather to derive his Merit from the effusion of Blood his Ancestors had made in the Field, than his own Humanity, in preventing the Misery of his *Contemporaries*; though he possessed no inconsiderable Portion, and was a Man of an open, benevolent Disposition, of great use and benefit in the Neighbourhood where he lived; yet too susceptible of valuing Man-

B 2

kind,

4 History of Sir Harry Herald
kind, more for the *Coat of Arms*
they bore, than the *Virtues* they
possessed.—This Gentleman had
two Sons, who inherited every *meri-*
torious Quality of their Father, with-
out being tainted with his mistaken,
and egregious *Foible*, which drove
him into many perplexing Anxieties
and Fears, lest either of them should
unguardedly, *contaminate* the pure
and ancient Fountain of their Blood,
by contracting an Alliance with any
Family, whose Veins were not *illus-*
triously swelled.

In order to obviate the Dread
arising from these Apprehensions, he
took a Journey to *London*, with no
other purpose, than to make the
closest Inquisition, at the *Market* of
Honor,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 5

Honor, in *Doctors Commons*, of the Origin, and Pedigree of every Gentleman's Family, in his own, and every adjacent County round him ; but had there been (and certainly there ought to be) an Office for registering, throughout the Kingdom, Estates that are in danger of taking leave of their Original Tenures, he would have passed unheeding by *that*, had he been properly satisfied in the far more *important* Point of their *Antiquity* and *illustrious Descent*.

On his Return into the Country, after this very *commendable*, and *prudent* Enquiry, he rejected two or three advantageous Propositions of Marriage, that had been made him for his eldest Son, because the Fa-

6 History of Sir Harry Herald

mily could give little or no Account of themselves, for more than *five Centuries*—and his Information falling vastly short of his Hopes, in the Counties near him in *England*; the Vicinity of *Wales*, with the pompous Pedigrees he had obtained Copies of, relative to almost *every Family there*, induced him, to propose to his Sons, making a Progress with him, through *that* Country, in order to make choice of proper Objects, for gratifying *his* Passion of *Pride*, and *theirs* of *Love*.—But the young Gentlemen having already made *theirs*, with more regard to the youthful, sprightly Blood, that *now* flowed with becoming Grace, in their *Mistresses* Cheeks, than

than in those of their great *Grandmothers*, were obliged to exercise all their Rhetoric and Art, to dissuade the old Gentleman from an Expedition, so fraught with *Quixotism*, and so repugnant to their Wishes, and a previous Passion they had entertained for two young Ladies, at about four Miles distance from their Father's Seat.—And as those Ladies will make no inconsiderable Figure in this History, it will, I think, be necessary to give some little Account, not only of their *personal*, but *mental* Merits.

Meliora, to whom the eldest Brother paid his Addresses, was Daughter of a Gentleman, possessed of an Estate, equal to that her Lover had

8 History of Sir Harry Herald
the Expectancy of.—She was about
Nineteen, was toasted in that Coun-
try, by the Name of the *Brunette*
Beauty; tall, genteel, not slender,
yet a fulness of Person, that served,
only to render her gracefully easy,
and bestow a becoming Dignity in
her Address, that enforced *Reve-*
rence, because it attracted *Admiration*:
Superiority of Mein, and Softness
of Manners, were so happily blend-
ed, they at once excited the Passi-
ons of Fear and Love—Her internal
Beauties were in due proportion to
those of her Person; she had *Com-*
placency, and *Greatness* of Mind,
was Modest without Prudery, and
Gay without Coquetry—a Heart
susceptible of *Love*, but not of
Change,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 9

Change,—because her Choice was conducted by her *Understanding*, not her *Eye*.

Her Companion, and Friend, was one of those melancholy instances, which, even before their Births, became the innocent Sacrifices of the Folly and Madness of the fatal Year twenty; having little or no Fortune, but what indulgent *Nature* had bestowed, who had been lavish in *her* Gifts, to make Compensation for those *Fortune* maliciously had deprived her of—she was of that kind of Form, that might be justly termed, the soft and elegant; had an *Understanding*, that, while it made her conscious she *had* Charms prevented her from appearing

10 History of Sir Harry Herald

vain of them. This young Lady, *Meliora's* Father had taken under his Protection, when she was about ten Years of Age, and made her Companion to his Daughter, who was then about eleven—thus having lived together in mutual Harmony, for seven or eight Years, they had contracted an indissoluble Friendship, and Regard for each other; and *Meliora* had prevailed upon her Father, to make up seven or eight hundred Pound, which was the whole of *Felicia's* pecuniary Merit, two thousand, whenever an advantageous Match should offer.

Sir Harry Herald's younger Son had seen this Lady at an Assembly at *Shrewsbury*; where his Brother
first

first became acquainted with *Meliora*, and where both commenced Lovers. This Gentleman, though a younger Brother, was, by an Uncle, the adopted Heir to an Estate, equal, if not superior to his Father's.

The Reader is now slightly acquainted with some of the Characters I propose, by and by, making him more intimate with—and the next Chapter shall introduce him to some others 'tis necessary he should also have a Knowledge of.

CHAP.



C H A P. II.

Full as interesting as the former.

THE two Brothers, mentioned in the former Chapter, have been only shewn to the Reader at a *distance*, but let me assure him they are worth his most *familiar* Acquaintance.—The eldest, though his Father (lest he should mix with Company below his *Blood*, and *Rank*) would not suffer to make the Tour of Europe, was nevertheless a Man of very good Sense, unblemished Honor, and what might be justly called a fine Gentleman;

tleman ;—the younger had been indulged by his Uncle, in that fashionable *Vagarie*, yet returned to his native Country, with more Pleasure than he left it ; and by being abroad, had learnt to put a higher Value upon its Constitution, Customs, Sincerity of Manners, and its Religion ; in short, he was neither become a *Coxcomb*, nor an *Atchieft*.

Men of this cast, it will be readily imagined, were not extremely fond of associating with the *Squires* of the Country——Characters that certainly do not greatly contribute to the Improvement of a Man's Knowledge, unless he is sollicitous to become an Adept in the most *improving* Science, and Genealogy of
Dogs

14 History of Sir Harry Herald
Dogs and Horses; therefore, they
did not very frequently follow the
Chace, or the Bottle——but their
Amusements centered in a few cho-
sen Books, and Men, not altoge-
ther devoted to *Pan*, or *Bacchus*—
yet their Attachment to a *softer*
Deity, sometimes obliged them to
the Worship of the *ruddy and ras-*
tic ones.

The Father of *Meliora* was, what
is termed amongst the rural Ge-
niusses, a *keen* Sportsman, and his
whole Life had been much more
devoted to the Field, than Closet ;
therefore *Alfred* and *Charles*, the
Sons of Sir *Harry Herald*, the el-
dest of whom he had thus reveren-
tially named after his chimerical
Ancef-

Ancestor, were sometimes obliged to do a Violence to *one* Inclination, in pursuit of the Hare, or Fox, in order to gratify *another*, of a gentler kind, in the Field of Love; and thought it necessary, now and then, to attend Sir *Edward Haunch*, the Father of *Meliora*, in his Excursions after the *Deer*, that ranged in his *Park*, that they might support the Intimacy they had contracted with him, and have more frequent Opportunities of paying their Devotions to the two *Belles* that inhabited his *House*.

Sir *Edward* did not, by any means, pique himself, in the degree Sir *Harry Herald* did, upon *Family* Descent; but took the lead of him largely,

16 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

largely, in his Opinion upon that of *Fortune*; and though, perhaps, it might be judged severe, to term him an *avaritious* Man, yet, with great Propriety, we may venture to put him down, as a *very strict Oeconomist*—for though he had only one Child, yet out of an Estate of two thousand Pounds a Year, he did not spend above seven hundred—and his *charitable*, or *benevolent* Acts, have not, hitherto, reached the Knowledge of the Author of this History; and if *one* Baronet was anxious for the *Honour* of his Family, the *other* was equally so for the *Wealth* of his.—Sir *Edward* having been often heard to complain, he was much at a loss to find out a
proper

proper and prudent Match for his Daughter; and once, in confidence to a particular Friend, said, that doubtless an Alliance with Sir *Harry Herald's* Family, might be *honourable*—but he much feared its proving *prudential*; for, notwithstanding Sir *Harry* had a good *nominal* Estate, he doubted, whether, upon Enquiry, it would appear so in *reality*—and that he had shrewd Suspicions, a certain wealthy Banker in *London*, had a *collateral* Right in it. And, indeed, how could it be otherwise, while the *essence*, and *substantial* Merit of a Family, was so apparently neglected, to support an *idle, imaginary* one—that he had often wondered, Sir *Harry*, who, abstrac-

18 History of Sir Harry Herald

abstracted from that Weakness, was a Man of Sense, and Penetration, should make the Interest, and true Welfare of his Family, Slaves to a preposterous Pride and Vanity; and such, every considerate, reflecting Man must think, the absurd, and ridiculous Boasts, of an ancient Coat of Arms; and a genealogy, that covered more Parchment than the Deeds of his Estate; but was of as little worth as the Wax, that sealed them, before it received the Impression that made them valid—that, for his part, had not his Title descended to him, with his Estate, he would not have expended Sixpence to have obtained either *that*, or the most glaring Ensigns of a long tedious

and Sir Edward Haunch. 19

dious Ancestry, the party-coloured Gentry, with their Fools Jackets, gull Mankind of their Money for an Establishment of; that the Man whose Pedigree was not wrote upon his *Heart*, ought to be ashamed of boasting any other——if, indeed, every Founder of a Family, could have arrived at the Magic, of transmitting his *Merit* with his Title, and Wealth, to his Descendants, let their Coat of Arms be blazoned, with Rubies, Pearls, and Diamonds, of the first Water——not, continued the old Gentleman, that I have heard, Sir *Harry Herald* ever did the minutest Thing, to impeach his own, or the Honor of his Ancestors——his Error lies in the opposite

20 History of Sir Harry Herald

posite Extreme, which I heartily wish to see corrected; for he is certainly a Man of *Probity*, and *Virtue*——'tis pity, his *Prudence* is not equally extensive——Perhaps, the Reader will be apt to wish mine had been a little more so, in curtailing this long Harangue—but let him be informed, I have had great Mercy upon his Patience, in not reciting quite a *third* of it—That may be, says he, but your very *Mercy* is a sufficient Punishment—If that, Sir, is really your Opinion, I shall endeavour for the future, to offend as little as Truth, and the Importance of my Narrative will admit——in which, I will now proceed with all imaginable Brevity.

The

and Sir Edward Haunch. 21

The two Brothers had yet made no other Declaration to *Meliora* and *Felicia*, but what their *Eyes* bespoke, and that is by no Means an *unintelligible* Language to young Ladies, more especially such who have a Disposition to become *Pupils*, to those *Tutors* they would prefer to every other Professor—This was the Case with our young Female Students, in the School of *Love*—they had marked out the two Brothers, as Men of the most distinguished Merit, in Person, Politeness, and an Elegance of Address—of their *internal* Worth the World spoke loudly; and there wanted little to enforce its Opinion, in the Breasts of our young Heroines—

But

22 History of Sir Harry Herald

But this pleasing, grateful Passion, like the Rose, is never possessed but through the danger of being wounded by Thorns, and hurtful Briars. But that Image, indeed, does not sufficiently describe the Apprehensions of Fear, which alarmed these young Practitioners in their first Efforts, under the Banner of *Cupid*;—*Meliora* reflected with herself, the Impediments that would necessarily arise from the Opinion she knew her Father held of Sir *Harry Herald's* Oeconomy, and the Situation he suggested his Affairs were in. *Felicia's* Prospects were clouded with far more melancholly Ideas. *Meliora's* Fears were formed from the Objections she was
too

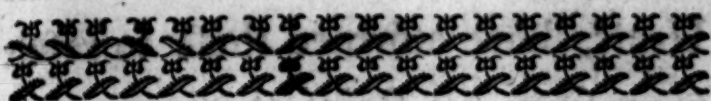
too well convinced her *Father* would start—*Felicia's* from those of Sir *Harry Herald*, and even her *Lover*—the *first* from the *Obscurity* and *Meanness* of her Birth, and the *other*, from the Narrowness of her Fortune—but she had not so ample an Idea of his Heart as *he* deserved, or *she* desired.

But I have a little wandered from the Purpose of this Chapter; and not been quite so punctual to my Promise, as I intended, in presenting to my Reader's View some other Characters, not unworthy of his Notice; though some of them I would not recommend to his *imitation*--but I beg his Pardon for intruding
my

24 History of Sir Harry Herald
my Opinion, since every Man
will choose for himself; and to that
I leave him, in the perusal of the
following Chapter.



CHAP.



C H A P. III.

Contains the Character of an Old Bachelor, and other important Matters.

THE Brother of Sir *Harry Herald*, who had adopted his youngest Son, was an old Bachelor, of near fifty, had a large share of the Pride of the Baronet, but a much larger share of *Penury*,——though, in the Education he had given his Nephew, and the Appointment he annually received from him, it did not, by any means appear;——yet some, who pretend to

26 History of Sir Harry Herald

enter into the secret Recesses of his Heart, have affirmed these to result more from his *Pride*, than any other Passion—that *his adopted Son* should at least keep pace, if not out-step his Brother, in every Article of Expence.

——If the *young Gentleman* felt the happy Effects of this Ostentation, the *Tenants, Tradesmen, and Servants*, were frequently sensible of the weight of his *parsimonious* Humour; and their Rents, Bills, and Appetites, were often Taxed, to supply the Deficiency of that sinking Fund.—At other Times he had Starts of Benevolence, and great Hospitality; but had yet some other Peculiarities which did not greatly recommend him to the good Opinion of the

the World—such as a large Portion of Choler, an invincible Obstinacy, and now-and-then a Passion for *Ebriety*; in which Fits he was vastly troublesome, and obstreperous——after these, he constantly sunk into a deep Hypochondriac, and would not be seen for many Days.—These strange Inconsistencies of Conduct, induced the lower Class of his Country-Neighbours, to whisper round to each other, that, *Zartain Shower*, the *Squire* was not in *his right Moind*; and their Penetration was countenanced by some, who pretended to assign a secret Source for a Conduct so unconnected, and variable—but did not choose to give a Name to this Child of their Imagination——

28 History of Sir Harry Herald

How true, or false these conjectures were, the Reader will be able to judge, by the following Relation.

Our Bachelor, at about the Age of thirty, had contracted a particular Intimacy with a Gentleman, who was Captain of a Man of War, and had signalized himself, with distinguished Bravery, in several Engagements.—This Gentleman had been Married about two Years, to a young Lady of Birth, but slender Fortune, at the instance, and almost Command of her Father, who paid no Regard to her Expostulations, against the Match ; though she, with Tears, represented to him, it must prove destructive to her perpetual Peace—but all Remonstrances were

and Sir Edward Haunch. 29

ineffectual——there was Interest in Balance, against those miserable Anxieties, which are ever the result of a *forced* Marriage——He represented to her, that *Captain Britton* was not only a Man of Merit, in himself, which was alone, indeed, sufficient to recommend him, to the Notice of those in Power, but to many of them he was allied by Blood——therefore could not possibly fail, in a short Time, becoming an *Admiral*.——These, with many other Arguments, and some oblique Hints, that her Disobedience, by a Refusal, would be attended with his utterly throwing her off, at last prevailed with her, to give her *Hand*, while her *Heart* abhorred the Union.

30 History of Sir Harry Herald

During this whole Transaction, Mr. *Herald* was made the Captain's chief Confident—the only Person, except Relations, at the Wedding; and continued upon the most familiar Foot of Intimacy in the Family; was of every Party of Pleasure, and a Month or two together, at their Seat in the Country.

Though the young Lady's Heart continued untouched by *Love*, yet its Avenues were by no Means shut to *Gratitude*——She reflected with great inquietude of Mind, upon the Severity of her Fate, which restrained her from feeling those tender Sentiments of soft Regard, and sympathizing Passion, which the growing Love, unpall'd by Possession, of

and Sir Edward Haunch. 31

of her Husband, demanded from her; but which she still found herself unable to repay. A Consciousness of this Kind, in a generous Breast, necessarily affects the Spirits, renders them languid, melancholy, and restless--and where the *Mind* continues to be thus impressed, with disturbed Ideas, the *Body* rarely escapes partaking of the Inquietude—This Influence was too apparent in the declining Health of the unhappy *Maria*, to pass unnoticed by the Man, who almost held his *own Life* dependent upon *hers*; he therefore used all possible Means to re-establish it: for which Purpose, by the Advice of her Physician, they set out for *Bristol*, in order to her drinking the Waters of the Hot

32 History of *Sir Harry Herald*

Well; which were judged the most probable Means of recovering her Constitution; which appeared Consumptively inclined.

Mr. *Herald*, and a young Lady, a Relation of *Maria's*, were of the Party.—After drinking the Waters three Weeks or a Month, there was a visible Alteration in the Spirits and Countenance of Mrs. *Britton*. About that Time the Captain received an Order from the Lords of the Admiralty, to repair immediately to *London*, to take upon him the Command of a small Squadron of Ships, destined for the *West-Indies*—this, he forthwith obeyed, leaving Mrs. *Britton* (by the Advice of a Physician, resident at *Bristol*) behind him; who

who having already received a perceptible Benefit by the Waters, their continuance was judged absolutely necessary for a Confirmation of her Health—that Consideration, readily induced her Husband to a Concession, and especially, as their Separation, had she accompanied him to *London*, must have been immediate.

He took his Leave with the Resolution of a *Man*, but yet with all the Tendernefs of a *Lover*—recommended her to his Friend *Herald's* Protection, with the kindly Assistance of her *Female* Companion—and the Morning after he received the Order, went Post to *London*.

34 History of Sir Harry Herald

Some short Time after his Arrival, he hastened to *Portsmouth*, and from thence embarked for his Station, in the *West-Indies*, where he remained near fifteen Months.

Mrs. *Britton* continued to find the good Effects of the *Bristol Waters*; and by a repeated use of them, for about ten Weeks, was perfectly restored to her former State of Health.—She seldom frequented the Assemblies, or Balls; and rarely went abroad, but to the Pump-room, or to take the Air; and her Acquaintance was in a very narrow compass. Her principal Amusement was Cards, at her own Lodgings; and the Party usually consisted of
Mr.

Mr. *Herald*, the young Lady, who was her Relation, and another, with whom she had had some slender Acquaintance in *London*, lodging in the same House. These four, after the departure of Captain *Britton*, generally spent their Evenings together, either in consulting the gay *Library* of the *four Kings*, or some other Authors of equal Pleasantry, but who rose a little higher in their Erudition, and where *Reflection* had a larger share, than mere *Amusement*.

It may, perhaps, be a Matter of Speculation to some Readers, in attempting to point out a Motive for Mr. *Herald's* devoting so much of his
Time

36 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

Time to three Women, where there did not appear any Face of an Intrigue—if he'll defer his Curiosity, till the next Chapter, in all probability, it may be gratified.



C H A P.



C H A P. IV.

*An Intrigue, which the inquisitive
Reader will not pass over.*

TIS a received Opinion, I believe, that *Love*, like *Death*, earlier, or later, strikes every Breast.—As no Condition, Courage, or Constitution, can withstand the Terrors of the *latter*, so no Vivacity, Reserve, or Mediocrity of Temper, is proof against the soft, insinuating Allurements of the *former*.—The Prince, the Peasant, Philosopher, Fidler, Countess, and Chambermaid, are alike susceptible of its tender

38 History of Sir Harry Herald
tender Tumults.—If the Reader
has any Doubts relating to the Ve-
rity of this Opinion, let him only
take a dozen Turns in the Mansions
of *Moorfields*, and he'll meet a Va-
riety of Characters, equal to those
named above, which have fallen
Sacrifices to this fatal Passion—in
one Cell a Templar, lamenting his
broken Vows to *Celia*, and those
of *Chloe* to *him*; in the next, a
Tapster, raving against his incon-
stant *Susan*; in another, a miserable
Daughter wildly declaiming against
the Cruelty of inexorable Parents,
who have destroyed her Peace.

Neither Mr. *Herald* or Mr.
Britton had either of them been
affected with this fatal Phrensy,
till

till it became *criminal* in both, to harbour so insidious an Enemy:— but it would be highly unjust, not to acknowledge, that each of them exerted their utmost Efforts, to repress the earliest Attacks it made. But the Approaches of Love are *swift* and *silent*, and, justly enough, support the allegorical Fiction, of *Cupid's* wounding by an Arrow.—Thus were this Gentleman and Lady involuntarily plunged into a Passion that proved *pernicious* to him, but *fatal* to her.

I shall not detain the Reader with a prolix Recital of the Progress of this unhappy Amour, but inform him, that Virtue and Honour
were

40 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

were at last too weak for Love, and Mrs. *Britton* proved with Child; which, when she perceived, threw her into an inexpressible *Agony* for sometime, and afterwards into a deep and heavy *Melancholy*.

When she discovered this fatal Misfortune to Mr. *Herald*, his Dejection was little inferior to hers; but the Strength of his Sex and Reason, prevented the Severity of its Continuance, and he began to deliberate upon the Means to prevent, if possible, the Discovery to the World; for though she was a Married-woman her Husband had been absent four Months, and was not expected to return in less than eleven more,—therefore

and Sir Edward Haunch. 41

no Pretence could be possibly formed for the Legitimacy of a Child, born in his Absence.

After he had revolved in his Mind on many Expedients, and consulted with her, which would prove the least liable to Detection, it was determined, That to continue, in her own House was the most eligible, and by all possible Arts and Means, endeavour its Concealment, and on no Consideration to make any Confident;—but as she was in *reality* greatly disordered, the most plausible Method was constantly to keep her Chamber, when her Pregnancy became too apparent for Visitors, and Servants; that some few Days
before

42 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

before she expected her Delivery, he should take a Lodging in some obscure Village near *London*, for himself and her, under a fictitious Name,—and the Pretence to her Friends and Servants for this Absence, should be a Visit to some female Friend, whose Name, when the period of time came, should be determined on.

These Resolutions, for some Months, were abided by; but, on more mature Reflection, both altered their Sentiments, as to the Execution of the *latter* part of them; to which they were induced by the fortunate Circumstance of her shewing less visible Marks of her Situation than are generally usual:

usual: These, assisted by every Method that could possibly be suggested, covered her from Suspicion, and she continued in her own House, till she found the last Symptoms approaching.—Against which time, Mr. *Herald* had provided a Place, at no great distance, for her Reception, at the House of a Person experienced in Matters of this kind, who had, previously, received her Directions from him.

When Mrs. *Britton* found the Crisis of her Condition would no longer suffer her Continuance at her own House, she ordered a Chair, as if going to pay a Visit; he took care to be ready for the escorting it, toward the appointed Place;

44 History of Sir Harry Herald

Place; but to prevent any Discovery by the Chairmen, before they quite reached the House, she got out, and with great Difficulty walked thither—When she came to the Door, she clapped on an *Italian Mask*, was conducted into an Apartment, and in three or four Hours, delivered of a Daughter, which was given to the Care of a Nurse, whom Mr. *Herald* had provided for that Purpose, below Stairs, who immediately went away with it, and to whom he had given a hundred Guineas, to bring it up as her own.—After the necessary Care had been taken of Mrs. *Britton*, she was wrapped up as warm as possible, put into another Chair, and

and carried home, where she immediately went to bed; but the extraordinary Measures she had pursued, were too dangerous and violent, not to be attended with fatal Consequences; and the next Day, she was found *dead* in her Bed.— Notwithstanding every imaginable Caution had been used, during her *Life*, to prevent any Discovery, yet, after her *Death* it became impossible; the Women, who were employed in the last Offices about her, whispering the Means, which must have occasioned it; and Mr. *Herald*, broadly hinted at, as the Man.— This induced him, forthwith, to quit the Town and Kingdom, and
he

46 History of Sir Harry Herald

he continued three or four Years abroad, but no Amusement he was furnished with there, had sufficient power to banish the melancholy Weight that hung upon his Mind; which had this complicated Source, he languished for the Loss of the *Woman*, yet, had the severest Compunction, in reflecting on the shocking Violation of his Friendship to Captain *Britton*; and his third Affliction, was having disposed of the Child, in such a manner, that the Woman, into whose Care he had given it, was totally ignorant of *him*, and *he* of *her*; the precipitate, and unnatural Method he had used, in
get-

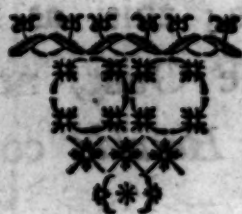
and Sir Edward Haunch. 47

getting rid of it, very severely affected him, and on his Return to *England*, made the closest Enquiry the Nature of the Thing would admit, but could not receive the least Intelligence; and the only Consolation he received, was, that Captain *Britton* was killed in an Engagement, on his Return to *England*, and the Perfidy of his Wife and Friend, happily never reached him; this, as it could not *extenuate* the Guilt, neither did it *dissipate* Mr. *Herald's* constant Ideas of it.

From this fatal Spring arose all those Inconsistencies, and unconnected Sallies of Conduct, that appeared

48 History of Sir Harry Herald

peared throughout the remaining Part of his Life, for which we must refer to some succeeding Chapters.



CHAP.



CHAP. V.

Contains a Description of three Country Houses.

THE Castle (for by that Denomination it was known) of Sir *Harry Herald*, was, in reality, a very ancient Building, and if *his* Account of its Antiquity is to be depended on, was built before the Barons Wars, and maintained many notable Sieges against the regal Power; and in the adjacent Grounds, have been, frequently, found the Bones of Men, which, with the

VOL. I. D utmost

50 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

utmost Reverence, he preserved in Glass-Cases, in a Room appropriated for that Purpose, of which he himself always kept the Key; and no Servant was suffered to approach, or was ever seen, by any other Persons, but such as professed the most reverential Awe for Antiquity, and the Memory of long departed Heroes. But some arch Country-wags, very *facetiously* whispered, they had heard their Grandfathers say, when they were Boys, they remembered the *Parish-Church*, standing near that Place, which being blown down, was rebuilt upon another Spot, then judged more convenient, and that these very Bones, Sir *Harry* made such

and Sir Edward Haunch. 51

a pother about, as the Remains of his *illustrious Ancestors*, were no more, nor less, than the homely Relicks of honest Farmers, and Threshers, that had been deposited in the *old Church-yard*—But these were Anecdotes that never transpired, but with infinite Caution, or when the strong Beer grew too powerful for their usual Discretion, and Sagacity.

The House—I beg Sir *Harry's* pardon—the Castle, was large, and venerable, and carried, indeed, some Tokens of its having been a Place of Defence.—There were Battlements round the Top, it had four Fronts, and formed a large quadrangle within;

52 History of Sir Harry Herald

the Kitchen was the largest I ever saw, with four Chimneys in it, and several Coppers of an unusual Size, that might have furnished out a Dinner for three hundred Men, or more; and there were, in the very upper Part of the House, Places partition'd off, as if intended for the Lodging of, at least, that Number, and which Sir *Harry* always termed his *Barrack*; and said, he had old Legends by him, that made honourable Mention of the heroic Deeds, of its ancient Inhabitants, with the Number of Sheep and Oxen, they devoured weekly, in the great Hall; which was furnished, with fifty or sixty different Atchievements of his Ancestors,

cestors, all of the same *original* Coat of Arms; but most of them either variously *blazoned* or *crested*, with a long Recital of the gallant Actions, for which those Honours were conferred; and the *identical* Sword and Helmet hung beneath, with which the Hero of that Day, so magnanimously signaliz'd himself. Under others, victorious Trophies, taken from the vanquish'd Foe, &c. &c. &c. in short, every Parade, the Pride of *Birth* and *Family*, wantonly suggests to the distempered Brain of a Man, devoted to such *imaginary Merit*. Nor did every other Room much less manifest this mistaken Idea of Virtue and Honour; every Chimney had

54 History of Sir Harry Herald

its Ensigns of Antiquity ; every Pannel its Portrait of Dignity and Valour ; in some few, indeed, room was made for an *antiquated Beauty* ; but not unless her Lineage could be traced down for several Centuries. Jewels were produced, worn at Coronations before the Contest between the Houses of *York* and *Lancaster*, and gilt Plate borrowed of *his* Family, for the Service of those Ceremonies in *Westminster-Hall*.— There were embroidered Beds, in which Grandmothers and great Grandmothers, first became acquainted with connubial Joys.— In fine, the whole Furniture and Oeconomy of the House, were silent Historjans of pristine Ages.

The

The Mansion of the other Baronet, Sir Edward Haunch, had its Antiquities, Genealogies, Victories, Trophies, and Family-honours; but they were not transmitted to Posterity by *Heralds*, but *Huntsmen*.——His Hall, instead of being adorned with the Helmets of Heroes, Targets, and rusty Swords, contained the extended Antlers of Bucks, of the first Head; the Skins of Foxes, Badgers, Hares, and Otters, that had maintained, with the utmost Skill, and strength, their natural Right to Liberty and Life, against the barbarous, wanton, Tyranny of Man; but were here hung up as the victorious Trophies of Dogs, and Horses,

56 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

instructed by the vast Wisdom and Penetration of their sagacious Masters, to hunt them down as the most dangerous and inveterate Enemies of Mankind.

The Hound, the Harrier, Beagle, and the generous Horse, who had all been thus *ingeniously* instructed to enter into this notable Warfare with their Fellow-brutes, were, at no inconsiderable Expence, by *Wotton, Tilliman, and Seymour*, delivered down to Posterity, in the Hall, Parlour, and other Apartments of the House, with no less pompous Parade, than the *human Heroes* of *Sir Harry Herald*. And, perhaps, were the Merits of both critically enquired into, it might be

be difficult to determine, which had the amplest Pretence to be dignified.

As to the remaining Furniture of the House, or its Architecture, it falls, in a great measure, below the Dignity of History, and therefore we shall not soil these Pages with their Description, only just mention, That if the Side-board of Sir *Harry Herald*, shone illustriously with gilt Goblets that had honoured Coronations, *that* of Sir *Edward Haunch*, had no less Lustre from those it was adorn'd with, obtained at the *equestrian Games*—But not to make honourable mention of the Stables, and Dog-kennels, would be an un-

58 History of Sir Harry Herald

pardonable Injustice, and might most rationally draw upon us the Imputation of Malice, or Negligence;—therefore, be it known to the Reader, in these superb Mansions was delivered down, almost as ancient and long a Line of Ancestry, relative to *White-foot, Ranter, Ring-wood, Fowler, &c. &c.* as was observed by his Brother-baronet, in immortalizing the *human Species*.

'Tis promised, in the Preamble of this Chapter, to give a Description of *three* rural Habitations—how we have acquitted ourselves, even, in the two, already mentioned, is not our Business to determine; but are nevertheless,
tho-

thoroughly conscious, we shall be most egregiously deficient in the last;—and do, very sincerely wish, an Indulgence might be granted for the rash Precipitancy of the Engagement—since it might, with equal Propriety, have been undertaken, to describe total Disorder, Confusion, and Chaos—and, perhaps, the Reader may already have enough of them, in the Furniture of his own head—That's true, cries some elaborate *Critic*, or he would never have sat himself down to this damned Stuff—why, Sir, you are perfectly right—and it was never intended for the profound *Sagacity of your Head*, but the abundant *Weakness of his*—presuming

60 History of Sir Harry Herald

suming upon which, we shall venture to continue writing, what we judge fit for *his* reading—and if, Sir, you have ever been an Author, I fancy the odds are against you, that, like other Authors, you wrote to the *majority*; and sacrificed your extensive Learning, shining Genius, and immense Abilities, to the pressing Instances of your *Taylor, Periwig-maker,* and discreet (though very vociferous)

Landlady——*but be that as it may*——

I well know what induced *me* to write—therefore shall exert myself, in pleasing the *Generality* of Readers, that I may also please the Bookseller, myself, and Creditors; so leave *you*, Sir, to the full Enjoyment

and Sir Edward Haunch. 61

joyment of your Profundity of Wisdom,——and proceed to my Description——though I frankly own, I don't know how, or where, to begin; but Writers, like Heroes, will wage unequal War.

This third Tenement was not in the least deficient in its venerable Marks of *Antiquity*, either *externally* or *internally*,——Its Avenues were overgrown with Weeds, its Windows considerably impaired by *Time*, and its Roof suffered various Depredations from the relentless Arm of that ancient *Wight*; and its *inside* rendered almost invifible by the dext'rous Workmanship of its numerous Inhabitants; for, unfortunately, it was not built of *Irish Oak*;
and,

62 *History of Sir Harry Merald*
and, to say true, every other Part
of the House apparently manifested
the indefatigable Industry, and cu-
rious Mechanism those *minute* At-
tists are so justly famed for.

Swallows had erected large Colonies
in every Chimney, as the Rooks had
in every Tree, the hoarse Harmony
of whose Voices gave a corres-
pondent, solemn, melancholy, not
only to their *own* Habitations, but
that also to which they were such
similar Neighbours; for the rueful
Countenances of all its *Domesticks*,
very precisely tallied with the
croaking Concert of those *ebon*
Choiristers.

Throughout

and Sir Edward Haunch. 63

Throughout the House were the visible Marks of Discontent, Negligence, and a precarious Provision, which was either plentiful or penurious, as the sudden and variable Disposition of its Master happened to be *in* or *out* of Tune.

Methinks I hear my good Friend the Critic, break out again, and cry—What the plague means all this paltry Pother about describing of old Houses?—Why there again, Sir, you happen to be out;—you really, have not Depth enough to find that this is a *laboured, artful, and allegorical* Description of the *Men*, and not their *Mansions*; 'tis the new Method Authors have to
illus-

64 History of Sir Harry Herald

illustrate their Subjects—or, to do
as good a Thing,—lengthen out
their *Chapters*——which having
brought about in this; I'll now put
an End to.



CHAP.



CHAP. VI.

A Love Scene, follow'd by another not quite so interesting to some Readers.

THE two Brothers, *Alfred*, and *Charles*, it has been observed, were often obliged to follow in the Train of *Diana*, in order to prosecute the Conquests they purposed under the Banners of *Cupid*. There was no Introduction to the House of Sir *Edward Haunch*, gave his Visitants a more frequent, or more open welcome, than commencing an Intimacy with his *Hounds* and *Horses*;

66 History of Sir Harry Herald

Horses; and every Gentleman that kept *them* Company in the Field, were certain, if they thought it expedient, to make part of *his*, at Dinner, as often *as they* pleased—These Occasions were too favourable for our young Lovers to neglect Improving for their mutual Advantage—and the *Ladies* were not less Happy in these Interviews than their Admirers—yet a sensible Mortification still attended them; as they were ever in mixed Company, where the silent Language of the Eyes was all that could be spoke upon the Subject they were all reciprocally interested; and equally wished, to have enlarged upon more explicitly.

Accident

and Sir Edward Haunch. 67

Accident, however, furnished an Opportunity, Hope had not been sanguine enough to expect. A favourite Horse of Sir *Edward's*, upon which one of his Grooms rode, after the Chase was over, fell, and dislocated his Shoulder, at about five Miles distance from the House.

—The two Lovers knew nothing of this Accident, having rode gently on, before the Company—and finding they were not overtaken, imagined something, like what had befallen, detained them—both joining in Opinion, Fortune had furnished them with a fair Occasion to have a Chance, at least, of a short Conversation with the Ladies, without Interruption, from that Medley
of

68 History of Sir Harry Herald
of Company that were following
after to Dinner; they set Spurs to
their Horses, and got to the House
near an Hour earlier than Sir *Ed-*
ward, and the rest of his Troop—
The Ladies seeing them, from an
Apartment above Stairs, ride into
the Court-yard by themselves, were
equally ready to embrace this happy
Crisis, as their Lovers had been to
improve the Opportunity Chance
had furnished them with, and forth-
with came down into the great
Parlor—as indeed, was their usual
Custom, when the Company re-
turned, to receive them—When
they entered the Room, they ap-
peared under some little Surprize;
and *Meliora* said, she hoped no
Accident

Accident had prevented the return of the other Gentlemen—she imagined to have found them *all* there—The elder Brother told her they were in at the death of the Stag, and nothing then had occurred, or since, that they knew of; —the Sport being over, they rode gently on, and did not doubt but the remaining part of the Company would arrive but *too soon*.—*Too soon*—returned *Meliora*, I don't comprehend you, Sir—He continuing mute, and greatly disconcerted, the younger replied, if, Madam, you and my Brother will give me leave, I will explain for myself and him, wherefore we fear the too great Expedition in their Return—We have,

70 History of Sir Harry Herald

have, Madam——here, under the utmost Confusion, he stopped; but a little recollecting himself, again began—We have—I say,—Madam, long—long—languished—Humph! Humph! I cannot speak——why have I presumptuously undertaken a Task for *him* I am so utterly unequal to, on my *own* Part—and yet—His Brother interrupting him, said—wherefore, alas! is this Diffidence imposed upon our Natures, in acknowledging a Passion for such Objects, that it would become almost *criminal* to behold *neglectingly*—Well, cried *Meliora*, I protest this is vastly pretty—and to tell you with a grave, solemn Countenance, we did not understand you,

you, and were not extremely pleased, would be point-blank, renouncing our Sex—but how, if after all, there should prove some unlucky Blunder; and we four should unfortunately happen to be at cross-purposes, and think diametrically opposite to each other?—The Apprehension of that, Madam, replied *Alfred*, threw both of us under that Confusion, in declaring Sentiments, we cannot but be too conscious we have the slenderest Pretensions, for *your* corresponding with—This, Sir, returned *Felicia*, is extremely applicable to *that* Lady, who has Beauty, Fortune, and every other Requisite, to challenge the Esteem of the most meritorious

ous

72 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

ous of your Sex—but where Nature and that fickle Goddess have both been scanty in their Gifts——Vanity herself, is insufficient to make the Application *Personal*.—*Charles*, with the strongest Marks of Deference, said, *Vanity* and *Merit*, Madam, are ever at variance, of which you have this instant given a forcible Example.

Meliora smiling, said, why, ay—now, indeed, Matters begin to clear up a little, and we shall quickly come to an Explanation—this is as it should be, there seems to be no great Danger of being embarrassed with Doubts, which I promise you, we were in a horrid Flutter about—*Alfred* said, Whatever Doubts, Madam—

dam—when *Meliora* interrupting—cried, Lord! Lord! Sir, you quite mistake the Thing—we had no Doubts relating to *Truth, Honor, constancy of Vows*,—and all that—but our Doubts arose, lest there should be some terrible Mistake in point of *Choice*; but your Brother, Heaven be praised! has pretty well clear'd that Point, in his respectful Peculiarity of Address to my Friend there—But Rallery apart—and not to behave as the *Coxcombs* of *our* Sex too frequently do to those of *yours*—since we would by no means draw such a Character upon *ourselves*, by a Conduct to Men who rise so superior to the Imputation, on *their* Side—and

VOL. I. E though

74 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

though Forms, and Customs are against it, I have ever thought it no Breach of the strictest Adherence to Honor, for a Woman to make an ingenuous Acknowledgment, she has the Capacity of distinguishing *Truth*, and *Merit*, from *idle Ribaldry*, and *fashionable Fustian*——You, my dear *Meliora*, interrupted *Felicia*, have the amplest Pretensions to make the Declaration, who have it so largely in your Power to *reward* that Truth and Merit—but, prithee, what must become of those poor Women, who are, perhaps, equally conscious of the *Distinction*, but utterly deficient in making the deserved *Compensation*?—If, returned
the

the other, my best *Felicia* means the Application to herself, I know of no Deficiency *Nature* has made on *her Side*, and I should hold the Man, in the lowest Contempt, that considered any supplied by *Fortune*, on *mine*. Fortune, Madam, replied the Elder of the Brothers, is merely adventitious; but Beauty, accompanied with every Faculty that can adorn the Mind, is the *peculiar Gift of Heaven*; intended as the full completion of Human Happiness. — Charles, looking tenderly on *Felicia*, said, The Man whose narrow Mind has space alone for *Fortune's* Tinsel Toys, can never

E 2

taste

76 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

taste the solid Transports, resulting from the Contemplation of an Object, which renders all her Gifts superfluous.

Here the Conversation was interrupted, by the Return of the Sportsmen; who all came clattering into the Room, with rather more *Noise*, than *Breeding* — the Baronet cried——Girls, Girls, is Dinner Ready? we are all as hungry as the Hounds—*Meliora* told him, it had waited more than half an Hour—and she was glad to find no Misfortune had been the Occasion of it—No Misfortune, returned the Knight, hastily—by the Lord! but there has — an irreparable one — the
laming

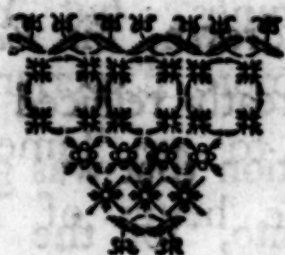
laming the best Horse in the County—No, no, my Knight, replied a sagacious Magistrate of the Neighbourhood—not *irreparable*—I'll hold fifty Pound, I supply the Misfortune out of *my* Stable—the *Consequence*, indeed, may be *irreparable*, if by our staying to take care of the Horse, your *Venison* should be *over-roasted*—O, cried, a young 'Squire of about five and Twenty, by the Lord, Justice, you are but a *half-strained* Sportsman—who the Devil cares a Halfpenny for any Game, but upon the Foot, or the Wing—you a Sportsman, quotha! that are more *concerned* at the over-roasting the Venison, than at the

78 History of Sir Harry Herald

laming the poor *Cretur*—now, for my Part, d'ye see, I had rather ha' gone without my Dinner this Fortnight, than any such like Misfortune should ha' befallen the poor Beast—Ay, ay, replied the Magistrate, with great Solemnity, you are young, and can't distinguish what *are*, and what *are not* Misfortunes; but Years will teach you more Experience—when you come to *my* Time of Day, you'll judge better of Men, and Things, and not give your Opinion so inconsiderately, and rash—By the Lord Harry! quoth the 'Squire, I would not give a Fig for the Years and Experience, that teach a Man no better *Larn-*

and Sir Edward Haunch. 79

ing, than to *prefar* the roasting of Venifon, to the bestriding a good found Horse. — Here Dinner was brought in, and put an End to this edifying Debate—as it must to this more edifying Chapter.



E 4 CHAP.



C H A P. VII.

*Which perhaps will afford but little
Entertainment to the Female
Reader.*

WHEN the King's Health had gone round, and the Ladies were withdrawn, Sir *Edward* said, he was greatly rejoiced to hear of an Association that was going to be entered into, for the better preserving the Game—and that the extravagant Citizens would not have an Opportunity of pampering their luxurious Maws, by the villanous Roguery of the damned poaching Farmers, who spent more of their
time

time in setting Traps and Springs, than they did in tilling their Land, and taking care to pay their Rent.—

Ay, ay, Sir *Edward*, cried the young 'Squire,—I think we shall lead the Scoundrels a Dance over Hedge and Ditch, that may-hap will teach them more Manners than to spoil the Sport, and rob their Masters.—*Charles* said, he imagined the more *effectual* Means to stop the Practice of Poaching, would be to take off the Restraint imposed upon the Farmers, who, he conceived, had an *equitable*, and *rational* Right to *share*, at least, in that part of the Game, that was either supported or pursued, at their Expence,—and that beyond all doubt

82 History of Sir Harry Herald

every Landlord transferred his Right to the Tenant, in every Inch of Ground, while he received the stipulated Rent for it; and was invested with the Right of suing him for Non-payment. Why, now, answered the 'Squire, I can't find out, d'ye see, that ~~that~~ argues a Button,—for could not we have chose whether we would have let them the Land or not?—Ay, certainly, Sir, replied *Alfred*, but then you know, the Steward would fall short in his Accounts, and Gentlemen must, necessarily, fall short in their Amusements and Expences, or their Creditors fall short of their Payments.—Pshaw! replied the 'Squire,—what sort of Gentle-

Gentlemen be they that troubles their Heads about Stewards, and Creditors, and Payments——what the plague signifies what such Fellors as they be, suffers, if so be Gentlemen have their *Divar-*
sions.——Hold! hold! cried Sir Edward, that's carrying the Joke a little too far, though; the Labourer is worthy of his Hire, and every Man ought to have his own——Why, replied the sagacious Mr. Scent, (for that was our trusty Squire's Name) look ye, d'ye see, I have nothing to say against every body's having their own any more than another Man, d'ye see,—but yet, if so be, the Farmers must be allowed to share, and share alike

84 History of Sir Harry Herald

alike with their Landlords, of what Signification and Value is all the *Vagaries*, and Racket you make about Liberty and Property, and such like stuff?

A Clergyman who was present, observed that the very Essence of Liberty, consisted in the *general* Distribution of its Benefits—that he was clearly of Opinion, with those Gentlemen, who were Advocates for the Farmers; both, as it appeared to him not only to be their Right, but, as had been very judiciously observed, the most probable Expedient, for putting a stop to the pernicious Practice of poaching—for were the Farmers allowed the Privilege of killing Game,
upon

and Sir Edward Haunch. 85

upon their own Lands, they would certainly be extremely vigilant that none but such as had an indubitable Right, should ever enjoy the Benefit. — Besides, as Things are now circumstanced, there is a mortification an *Englishman* can but ill brook, in being deprived of the Enjoyment, of what he so largely contributes in supporting.

The Justice, who during this time had taken a very comfortable Nap, in the full Enjoyment of his salutary Slumbers — cried, *The Fat is the finest I ever tasted. — Give me another Bumper. —*

Well said, honest *Quorum*, said Sir Edward, *sleeping and waking*, thou hast done my Venison right.

Ay,

86 History of Sir Harry Herald

At, cried *Scent*, and your Wine too, Baronet, by the *Wrekins*, while he could hold his Mouth and his Eyes open.——A grave Physician who was at Table, said, if there was any Gentleman there who had any Annuity, or other Dependance upon that worthy Magistrate's Life, they would act prudentially to disturb those noxious Slumbers; —— for, notwithstanding those Escapes of pleasurable Tranquillity, which so luxuriantly flowed from him —— *that* instantaneous Retirement to rest upon the Stomach, and Vessels, becoming inordinately replete, must inevitably be attended in its *first* Stage of Danger, by *Apathy*, next
an

an *Epilepsy*, or *apoplectical Paroxysms*, the third of which is beyond the Power of the most efficacious Medicine, and necessarily becomes fatal.—*Scent*, clapping the Justice upon the Shoulder, cried aloud—dost hear, honest *Mitimus*, what the *larned*! Doctor says!—The Justice yawning, and rubbing his Eyes, cried,—send the Rascal to the Stocks,—what! does he insult me in my Office!—but being a little more recovered from his visionary View of Tyranny, said—Od, so! Gentlemen! I beg a thousand Pardons, I am really afraid I have been rude, and forgot myself a little!—The Doctor rising, and coming behind his
Chair,

88 History of Sir Harry Herald

Chair, desired to feel his Pulse, for he was morally sure he must be in Danger of the *symptomatic* Advances of a Fever.

I am afraid,—Sir, returned the Justice, you are more in Danger of the *symptomatic* Advances of *Bedlam*—O! ay, cried the Doctor—'tis absolutely so—the Fever is making its Approaches apace, upon the Animal-spirits—'tis evident from these rambling Ideas, towards the Palace of Lunacy—the next Step, will be its taking entire Possession of the whole *Cerebrum*—Why, returned the Justice, what the Devil ails the Man? I have frequently seen and heard, of mad *Doctors*, but, never before, met with

and Sir Edward Haunch. 89

with a Doctor *mad*—The 'Squire,
now waxing pretty near a State
of Ebriety—cried, by the *Wrekin*—
uh! I think you are—uh! both
mad--(and filling a Bumper, said)
here—uh! here's to your *both*—
uh! being sent to *Bedlam*—uh!
with all my Heart---and every
Phy—Phy--fis-cian---Lawyer—uh!
and Parson in the Kingdom.——

By this time its very probable,
the Reader is grown a little tired
of some part of his Company—
but don't let him be too impatient—
he is on the Brink of being brought
into better:—A Servant came into
the Room, with the Compli-
ments of the Ladies, to know if any
of the Gentlemen chose Coffee, or
Tea

90 History of Sir Harry Herald

Tea, for that they were just sitting down to them—This was an Opportunity, not to be neglected by the young Lovers, who immediately said, they would wait upon them—as did the Clergyman, whose Absence they would very well have dispensed with; and, yet, as Circumstances afterwards occurred, he proved no unwelcome Acquaintance.



CHAP.



C H A P. VIII.

*Contains a Tea-Table Conversation,
upon several unfashionable Topics.*

WE shall leave the remaining
Tenants of the Parlor, for
some time longer, to the Care of
the Butler; and introduce the Reader
to the Tea-Table, where, if he has
more Regard to Good-breeding,
Sense, and Delicacy, than to the Jar-
gon of Pedants, Sots, and Gluttons,
he'll be much better entertained;
for the Conversation did not only
differ from the Table I have just
relieved

92 History of Sir Harry Herald

relieved him, but from most other Tea-Tables in the Kingdom, not turning upon light inconsiderable Subjects, and fashionable Fooleries, but Topics, rational, and interesting; or, if the Foibles of any were accidentally touched upon, they were the Objects only of Pity; or, at most, an easy, genteel, Rallery, unmixed with Spleen.

Meliora told the Gentlemen, their Good-breeding, in obeying her Summons to the Tea-Table, she was conscious, must have a good deal disconcerted the Company below, and deprived them of a very essential Part of their Entertainment.—Not in the least, Madam, replied the Clergyman, for
though

though we are highly obliged for the Compliment you have paid us, the Majority, I believe, of those Gentlemen, are not less pleased with the Occasion, than we are—No, I'll answer for it, replied the elder of the Brothers, our loss is little regretted, for, to confess the Truth, we were of no more Consequence than other *Cyphers*, merely to increafe the Number—Three *Cyphers*, answered *Meliora*, as you are pleased to term yourselves, struck off, from a more extensive Account, would make a very considerable Reduction of its Value—and since Dinner, I assure you, *Felicia* and I, have been making very shrewd Remarks upon

94 History of Sir Harry Herald

upon your whole Set, my Papa
 not excepted; for though he has as
 few *Faults* as any of you, I know
 he has some *Particularities*, I could
 wish to see removed—*Alfred*
 replied, whatever *Particularities*
 might be pointed out in him, they
 all vanished, in reflecting he was
 the Father of *Meliora*—She returned
 —I am at a loss now, whether I
 ought to regard that Speech of yours,
 as a *Compliment*, or a *Rebuke*; for
 certainly, if you, who are an in-
 different Person, consider him in
 that Light, I, who am so imme-
 diately concerned, in that Me-
 rit you ascribe to him, should be
 blind to his very *Errors*, if he had
 any; but, I promise you, as we

were not ill-naturedly severe, upon any of you, *there*, we were peculiarly tender; but, after all of you had passed in Review, under the Inspection of our sage Judgments, we were both most terribly perplexed to know, what constituted that amazing Difference, so conspicuous in the Behaviour, and Address of Men, who from their Stations in Life, must have been pretty equal, one would imagine, in their Education, and their general Resort of Company; yet, that *some*, should apparently, have received no Improvement, from such an Advantage, but persevere in a continued Series of empty Amusements, coarse Manners, and irregular

96 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
irregular Morals; and *others*, who
are frequently under the Necessity
of associating with them, never
contract the slightest Blemish; but
in the whole of their Conversation,
distinguish themselves, by a polite
Address, Knowledge of Men and
Books, and every other Qualifica-
tion, becoming a Gentleman;
how, in the Name of wonder is
this to be accounted for?

Madam, replied the Clergyman, I
imagine there are two very plausible
Ways of accounting for it; cer-
tainly Nature is not equally bene-
ficent to all; she has her *Par-*
tialities; but then it must be ad-
mitted, *Men* have their *Passions*;
which

which more frequently pervert her Laws, than she herself does.

Well, returned *Meliora*, we won't have it reasoned upon now, it will make us too serious; for though I have gone thus far, I have more Disposition to turn out of the Road, and get into the gay Fields of Mirth and Rallery. The Clergyman told her, she was so equally qualified for both, it would be difficult to determine which she excelled in—Oh! cried *Meliora*, I positively can never get out of your Debt, but by *precisely* returning you your own Compliment—I have frequently received Proofs of your Abilities in *serious* Matters, but never have had so

98 History of Sir Harry Herald

smart an instance of your Talents in *private Rallery*—I vow, Madam, returned he, you never heard me utter a more serious Truth in your Life.—Why, replied *Meliora*, if you were not a married Man, I should, really imagine you intended to make Love to me.—Well, Madam, returned he, and if I were *not* a married Man, and in a Condition of Life to countenance it, I should think it the highest Reproach to my Taste, if I did *not* make Love to you.—Well said, my little *Levite*, cried *Meliora's* Lover—thy open frankness of Heart charms me, and infinitely the more, in so exactly corresponding with my own, in your

and Sir Edward Haunch. 99

your just Admiration of that Lady.

—Nay, answered the other, when you are better acquainted with my Sentiments, neither you nor the Lady will be under so mighty an Obligation to me, as perhaps you imagine—for I am too general a Lover, to deserve any peculiar Regard—and *that* Lady (turning to *Felicia*) has an equal Claim to my Admiration, with her Friend, or any other; where Personal, and mental Charms, are so amiably blended, as in this Family—

Charles, addressing himself to *Felicia*, said, I think, Madam, our becoming contracting Parties to this new Treaty of Trust, our Allies have entered into, with this Gen-

100 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
tleman, is a Measure no less salutary for the future Establishment of *our* State, than *theirs*—the Oeconomy of every happy Government, depending on the Sanction, and Cement, given by Men of his Function, and for whose becoming our *future* Auxiliary, my Brother, I make no doubt, opened this *Congress* of Confidence. — Treaties, Sir, replied *Felicia*, where there is a manifest Disparity in the Riches and Power of some of the Parties, should be maturely weighed, while they are on the Carpet; and not concluded but with the calmest, and most deliberate Reflection; lest those Princes, whose Powers are
weak,

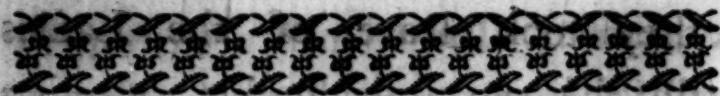
and Sir Edward Haunch. 101
weak, should afterwards be considered, as very *injudiciously* called into the Alliance—Oh! Madam, returned *Charles*, the Alliances with many Princes are warmly courted, not from the Funds of *Treasure* they are possessed of, but the happy Situation of the Dominions they inherit; their known Prudence and Wisdom, and the powerful Forces they bring into the Field—Well! interrupted *Meliora*, this is positively a prettier *Melange* of War, Politics, and Love, than was ever devised by the first Connoisseurs in any of those profound Arts, and must be acknowledged by them all, to have been conducted with great Facility, and

Speed—for it seems to be almost compleated, as soon as commenced——yet had a little more Time been expended in the Transacting it, there's a high Probability, its Consequences would prove happier, and its Existence of a longer Duration.

Here a Servant entered the Room, to let the Brothers know, the Company below was breaking up, and that two or three Gentlemen, of *their* Neighbourhood, desired to know, if they would do them the Pleasure of being of their Party homeward—though Inclination pleaded strongly to refuse, Prudence prompted a compli-

compliance to this Message, and they took leave of the Ladies, till the next pleasurable Meeting, with as much Reluctance as I do of the Reader, till the next Chapter.





C H A P. IX.

*An inviting Conversation between
the two Ladies.*

TO begin a new Chapter with
a new Day, I imagine will
be thought more uniform than
to have opened it with the Even-
ing's Conversation of Sir *Edward*,
his Daughter, and *Felicia*—which
not turning upon Matters very
Interesting, or Material, we have
omitted, to rise with the Sun and
the Ladies, whose Slumbers,
though by no Means unpleasing,
were, notwithstanding, short and
tran-

and Sir Edward Haunch. 105
transitory—because attended with
a violent Impatience, extremely
natural, of mutually conferring
upon the *Eclaircissement*, their Lo-
vers had, the Day before, come
to.

Meliora entered the Apartment
of *Felicia*, just at the Time she
was preparing to have paid the
same kind of Visit—the recipro-
cal Knowledge of the Motive to
their being thus early up, and
drest, drew from each a conscious
Smile, they both perfectly under-
stood—when *Felicia* falling into
the natural Gravity of her Dis-
position, said, my dear *Meliora*,
how different have been the Sen-
timents which have occasioned

out meeting, at this unusual Hour; and the Ideas, which have filled the intermediate Time, since our Parting—*Meliora* with an Air of more than common Gaiety, replied, No, no, my Dear, our *Ideas*, I'll answer for it, have been precisely the same; but the *Objects* have indeed been different, or, Mercy on us! what miserable Mortals should we have met this Morning, to have exchanged a mutual Confidence, and faithful *Friendship*, for the irreconcilable, and hated Situation of *Rivals*?—*Felicia* sighing, said, alas, *Meliora*! what has thus inspired you with Gaiety, and given you this Spirit of Rallery, has thrown me into ten thou-

thousand anxious Sollicitudes and Reflections; and my Fate, till now, never appeared to me, inauspicious, or severe — can there, in all the Malice of inveterate Stars, be found a State so fraught with Misery, as mine? whose humble Lot has almost ranked me with the lowest; yet partially impelled, by the resistless Laws of tyrant *Love*, presumptuously has soothed a Passion in my Breast, for one, as far above my Hopes as my Desert — My dear, replied *Meliora*, what my Opinion of your *Desert* is, I won't put you under any Confusion by describing; yet that your *Hopes* ought to be as rationally founded, I will venture
to

108 History of Sir Harry Herald
to assert—What in the Name of
Cupid and his Quiver, could you
have wished for more, from his
Indulgence?—When he let fly the
Shaft that wounded *you*, was not
his Bow *benevolently* charged with
another, levelled point-blank at
the Breast of the *very Man* where
you wished the Direction?—Indeed
Child, you use the little Divinity
most irreligiously, and deserve to
be excommunicated for Ingrati-
tude.—Oh! my dear *Meliora*,
answered *Felicia*, I own, the Ar-
guments that ought to administer
Delight and Transport to *another*
Breast, in *mine* but furnish forth
Inquietude, and anxious Fears—
but Fears for him I love, more
than

than myself—left, when his Passion for this *Beggar*, reaches the knowledge of his capricious Uncle—But wherefore did I say capricious? In his Objections to so unequal an Alliance, he will, with Justice, be esteemed most uniform; and acting by the Rules of strict Propriety—therefore if the Constancy, and Truth of *Charles's Heart*, are Correspondent with the Language which his *Eyes* long since declared; what will prove the Torments of his generous Soul, when he receives the harsh Commands of an adopting Parent, to banish from his Breast the indigent, distressed, undone *Felicia*? But these are Punishments

110 History of Sir Harry Herald
ments which Heaven inflicts with
Wisdom, and with Equity, on
those who daringly presume to
harbor Passions ill suited to their
State—yet if its Anger falls on
me, and justly punishes the Pride
of looking up beyond the Limits
it prescribed—should the Humi-
lity, Benevolence, and Lowliness
of Charles's condescending Heart,
raise its resentful Arm against him,
and mutually involve us both in
the Predicament? My dear, cried
Meliora, but that I know you
incapable of disguising your Sen-
timents, I should really conclude,
notwithstanding this tragic Decla-
ration of yours, that you did not
care Six-pence for this Man—

Why,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 111

Why, your Lovers, Child, who are in down right, sober Sadness, such, are never known to have one Grain of wise Penetration, or deep Forecast about *Fortune*—the Resentment of angry *Fathers*, or any such chimerical Stuff—but if they have got full Possession of the dear Man's Heart, leave all Contingencies to Chance—I have known an Apoplexy, vastly kind and civil to Lovers, who happened a little unequal in the scurvy Distributions of *Fortune*—and, let me tell you, if I have been rightly informed of the phlegmatic Disposition of this same Uncle of Mr. *Herald's*, the Odds are very considerable on
your

112 History of Sir Harry Herald

your Side, that a *Pistol*, or a Dose of *Poison*, may charitably send him to rest with his illustrious Ancestors.

Here *Meliora's* Woman came running into the Room, with two Letters in her Hand, almost as much out of Wind as the Horse that conveyed them; who had been whipped, and spurred into Expedition, for their Arrival, before the old Gentleman, Sir *Edward*, was stirring——and at the same time, the Rider was charged with no inconsiderable Bribe to the *Fille de-chambre*, for their secret Delivery—who, with a mixed Affectation of Joy and Fear, cried, Lord, Madam, here's certainly
some

and Sir Edward Haunch. 1113

some very *Charming*, or *Terrible*
News for you both, Ladies—A
Footman, just alighted at the Gate,
brought these two Letters—Letters!
interrupted *Meliora*—from whom?
Nay, Madam, replied the breath-
less Abigail—Uh! Uh! a wiser
Head than mine must inform
your Ladyship of that—Uh! Uh!
I was so impatient to bring them,
I never enquired who they came
from—nor did not even mind—
Uh! Uh!—the Footman's Livery
—but to say the Truth, that's no
more discernable than the Colour
of his Horse—~~one~~ one is all over
Mire, and the other Foam.—
Well! cried *Meliora*, leave us,
and go down, and see the Fel-
low

III4 History of Sir Harry Herald
low who brought them, is taken
Care of, and get Things ready
for Breakfast in my Apartment—
This necessary Impertinent with-
drawn—*Meliora* said, well, my dear,
by that sudden Alteration of your
Features, I perceive, you give a
shrewd guess at this brace of Au-
thors—but have you Spirits to
break the Seal, and be satisfied
before Breakfast? To confess in-
genuously, my Hopes and Fears,
have made such a bustle in my
Breast, I don't know how to go
about being Resolved, till I have
recovered a few Spirits, by the help
of a little Tea—if it is not ready
I shall be out of all Patience—
come, my dear.—Here the Ladies
with-

withdrawing into another Room,
for the Contents, as well as Au-
thors of these Letters—I cannot
possibly give any Account of
them, but in another Chapter.

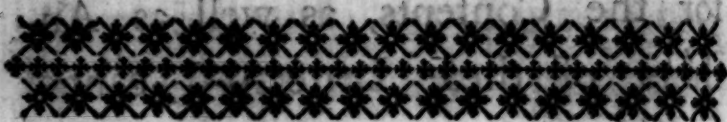
in which the Reader will meet with
some interesting Reflections
on the present State of the
those who peruse these Me-

more
honourable
Regard to the
Merits, than any Acquisitions of

Fortune, will readily form to them-
selves, very full Ideas of the Benefits
mentioned in the last Chapter

when they are informed, that some
from Alfred and Charles—such who
are there, Mr. Langens and

CHAP.



C H A P. X.

*In which the Reader will meet with
some uncommon Reflections.*

THOSE who peruse these Memoirs, that are Lovers of the *honourable* Stamp, and pay more Regard to their Mistresses *personal* Merits, than any Acquisitions of *Fortune*, will readily form to themselves very full Ideas of the Letters mentioned in the last Chapter, when they are informed, they came from *Alfred* and *Charles*—such who are mere *Marriage-Jobbers*, and
make

make their Contracts for Convenience, will be apt to laugh at, and despise Sentiments so widely different from their own; therefore, the Author thinks it necessary only to give some few general Hints of their Purport, and not take up the time of his Readers, of the first Class, in giving them Copies of their own Hearts; nor that of the latter, by any Recital, so point-blank opposite to theirs.

Both Letters contained the highest Sentiments of Love and Honour, delivered in a Style that became Men of Virtue, Truth, and Good-sense; and were received, with the Regard they so justly demanded; yet all the Professions

118 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
sessions of Honor, and unalter-
able Constancy, made in *Charles's*
Letter, while they fann'd the
Flame in *Felicia's* Breast, still
the more alarmed the Fears, she,
but too justly suggested, of the in-
surmountable Objections that would
arise, to impede her wished-for
Happiness; nor could the Rallery
or Consolation, offered by *Meliora*,
mitigate her Grievs; they were
too substantially founded, for the
Aid of either, and had Reason for
their Basis.

The true Characteristic of Wo-
men of Merit, is a gentle Soft-
ness, blended with a lively Sense,
and Perception; where these are
united in the same Breast, they
support

and Sir Edward Haunch. 179

support it above the Tumults
occasioned in others, by the ad-
ventitious Strokes of Fortune, with
a Meekness and Resignation those
mixed Qualities of the Mind,
naturally dictate—A Woman of
this happy Cast, can, with great
Tranquillity, give up the exterior
Ornaments of Pomp and Splendor,
the Pride of Equipage, with the
Multiplicity of Vanities, too many
of her Sex are so inviolably at-
tached to—but when the Heart of
such a Woman, is, unfortunately,
possessed with a Passion for a
Man of Honour and Merit, that
Passion mutually returned, yet,
the Dangers and Difficulties of
its happy Completion, appearing to
her

120 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
her inevitable, and substantially
solid, and those Impediments cen-
tering solely in her, that quick
sensibility of her Perceptions fur-
nishes every affecting Idea of De-
spondency, and the Softness of her
Disposition, renders her unequal to
the supporting such racking Re-
flections.

Of this Mould was the distressed
Felicia, of too sound an Under-
standing to sooth herself with
precarious Prospects and delusive
Hopes, yet of too flexible and
tender a Disposition, to surmount
the Grievs, *that* Understanding
painted in such calamitous Co-
lours—When she retired to her
Chamber,

Chamber, she wrote the following Letter to Mr. *Herald*.

S I R,

THOUGH thoroughly conscious in this Act I make a very essential Breach of those Laws, Custom, and Decorum, have laid down, for regulating the Conduct of Women, who would be ranked in the List of the discreet and virtuous—yet I cannot but be persuaded, there *may* occur such a Crisis, as may make it consistent with the strictest Rules of Honour and Justice—which ought, at least, to be put in the Balance, if not outweigh, whatever *Custom* may have prescribed—That such

a Crisis now exists, your Letter, and former concurring Testimonies, make manifest—for I have too high an Opinion of your Integrity to doubt their Truth—and believe me, when I assure you, most solemnly, I place their Validity to *that* Account, and not a mistaken consciousness of my own Merit—No, Sir, 'tis from a too sensible Conviction of the injudicious Error of your Passion, I have been induced to commit this Violence to my Sex—I had almost said, to my Sentiments—in conjuring you to desist, ere it be too late, in the Pursuit of a Passion, that cannot but bring with it, a Train of inevitable Miseries, since it must be attended

attended with the Violation of your Duty to that Parent, to whom you are bound to pay an implicit Obedience, by the Laws of Nature, Gratitude, and Heaven——

I will not offend your Delicacy, in urging those of Interest and Dependency——though each Consideration, abstractedly, ought to have its prevalence, against making a Sacrifice of it, to an impetuous Passion for *one*, whose single Desert is, that she dreads *your* Indigence more than she regrets *that* of the

Unfortunate

FELICIA——

The sending this Letter, without the Privacy of *Meliora*, she concluded would be a Breach, not only of Prudence, but, of Friendship; therefore determined to take her Opinion upon it, not only from the Regard she had to her Candour, but Judgment; who in her Sentiments upon it, gave very distinguishing Marks of both; which she delivered to this Effect—I highly applaud, my dear *Felicia*, your exalted Ideas of Integrity and Honor, but if *you* are persuaded, as I must confess, *I* fully am, that Mr. *Herald's* Pretensions are the Result of an unfeigned Passion, and imagine, this Letter will, in any Degree, dissipate those

tender Thoughts, and prove the Means to smother his *ill-concerted* Love, as you with too delicate a Diffidence, have termed it, I must, I own, widely dissent from you—and if his Regards could need any new Motives to fix and unalterably root them, you are pursuing the most effectual Measures for that Purpose—How must his Breast glow with additional Transport, in discovering the Beauties of the Woman's *Mind* he fondly loves, rise in Proportion to those of her *Person*? I am, *myself*, charmed with the Elevation of your thinking—and believe me, dear Child, the warmest Sensibility *Friendship* feels, falls infinitely short of the

more enlarged Ideas *Love* creates.—
If *my* Affections toward you, which
I scarce thought capable of an In-
crease, are, by this new Instance
of such unparalleled Frankness of
Soul, raised beyond their former
Bounds, what Limits can be pre-
scribed to *his*, for whom alone,
this amiable Virtue is exerted?

Why, replied *Felicia*, does my
dear *Meliora* imagine Mr. *Herald*
a Man of so slight an Understand-
ing, to be incapable of seriously
reflecting upon those unhappy
Consequences, that must, inevi-
tably, attend his Pursuit of this
fatal Passion? Quite the reverse,
returned *Meliora*, had I not con-
sidered him as a Man of Sense,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 127

I should form very different Ideas of him—were Addresses of this kind made from such a Creature as the notable 'Squire, in whose Company we were Yesterday, and with whom, at other times, have been too frequently mortified, your Letter, 'tis highly probable, might have its desired Effect—for Fools, if they happen to feel any thing that *resembles Passions*, they are never fixed, or permanent—but Men of Sense have a generous Pride in rising against any Torrent of Opposition that interferes with that Choice, which has Honor for its Support—Then my dear, answered *Felicia*, you would advise me not to send this Letter?

G 4

No,

No, returned *Meliora*, not so neither—the Letter has too much Merit to be thrown away—And though it has as little probability of Success, as the best penned Prescription of the ablest Physician, when the last Symptoms of Death are upon the Patient, yet, you know, Child, *humanity* dictates, to use all possible Means in his *Power*, not to say a Syllable of his *Fee*—

How, my dear *Meliora*, answered *Felicia*, can you rally upon so serious a Subject? Why, returned the other, Love and Matrimony *are* serious Subjects I confess—but, pr'ythee Child, throw off a little of that terrible Solemnity of Countenance, and consider this
Matter

Matter with less Severity of Thought—I'll allow you to be *serious*, but not one Grain of *Despondency*—Let us take a Turn or two in the Garden, and consider of Ways and Means, for a proper Conveyance of this same Letter, which shall positively be sent, though I, by no Means, give my Consent, upon *your* Principles; but point-blank the reverse—for I would no more take one Step that should contribute to *his* Cure, than I would toward that of his Brother's—and, my Life on't, they are both of the Opinion of *Torismond*—*They cannot, nay, they*
G 5 *wish*

130 History of Sir Harry Herald

wish not, to be cured. —

And so let's away to the Garden, and our Consultation.



CHAP.



CHAP. XI.

An unlucky Mistake; the Consequences of it.

THE Letter mentioned in the last Chapter, was committed to the Care of a young Neighbouring Farmer, of more Honesty than Penetration; and though great Pains had been taken to inform his Judgment, and give him ample Instruction, for the acquitting himself properly, in his Negotiation, a very untoward Accident attended the transacting it.

Notwith-

132 History of Sir Harry Herald

Notwithstanding he had been strictly charged, by both the Ladies, to deliver the Letter into no Hand but that of Mr. *Charles Herald*, he was unfortunately led into the Error of delivering it to a Servant of his Uncle's, who was arrived at Sir *Harry's*, about two Hours before him—Upon the Farmers alighting in the Stable-Yard, he met this Footman, of whom he enquired for Mr. *Charles Herald*—who told him he was his Servant, and would deliver any Message he was charged with—The Farmer replied, he had no Message, but a Letter, which he had Directions to give into his own Hand—The Fellow told him
that

that would be impracticable for some Time, for the Fatigue of his Journey had obliged him to lie down, and it would not be extremely safe to disturb him—but if he would trust *him* with it, he would deliver it the instant he rose—With this the Farmer complied, imagining him the Servant of the young Gentleman, for whom the Letter was intended—being as ignorant as the Reader is hitherto, that he was named after his Uncle—and the Servant really imagined the Letter intended for his Master; to whom, upon his rising, he delivered it—and the Farmer returned, concluding, though he had not precisely followed

followed the Directions given him, yet he had transacted his Business very notably, in not being observed by any Body, but the Gentleman's Servant—and that his waiting, might have been attended with some Inconvenience——Nor were the Ladies at all alarmed, upon his assuring them, he had given the Letter into the Hands of his own Servant, and had been seen by no other Person about the House—But, alas! their Security was a little Premature, and a few Days unfolded the fatal Mistake.

—Mr. *Charles Herald* the elder, upon Reading this Letter, immediately concluded it intended for his

his Nephew—against whom he conceived the warmest Resentment, for daring to enter into an Engagement of that Kind, without his Approbation and Advice—but more especially into one so unequal, and Pernicious to his Interest.

He immediately shewed the Letter to Sir *Harry*, who was not less agitated than himself; though from a different Motive—*His* Resentment arising from the *Mean-ness*, and *Obscurity* of her *Descent*, and her Father's having been contaminated with *Trade*—which, to the other, would have proved no kind of Objection, had it been attended with its frequent Fortune

136 History of Sir Harry Herald
tune, and Opulence—but *Poverty*
was an insurmountable Impedi-
ment, not to be got over by
Birth, Beauty, or any other ima-
gined Merit.

Mr. *Herald* asked Sir *Harry*, if
he had ever received any Intima-
tion of this pernicious Engage-
ment of his Son's; and who the
Person was, he had thus precipi-
tately placed his Heart with?—
The other told him, he had never,
till that Instant, conceived any re-
mote Imagination, that either of his
Sons could possibly form to them-
selves Ideas of so *abject* a Nature, to
mingle their Blood in Channels
debased by *Traffic*, and the inde-
lible Blots of *Business*—As to the
Person,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 137

Person, he supposed it must be a young Creature, the Daughter of a deceased Merchant, who dying almost Insolvent, his Neighbour, *Sir Edward Haunch*, had taken into his Family, as a Companion to his Daughter; and whose Name Corresponded with that subscribed to the Letter——What, returned *Mr. Herald*, your Families, I suppose then visit each other, and from thence this ill-concerted Passion has been contracted? *Sir Harry* said, their Visits were not very frequent; for his Neighbour, though a very worthy, good kind of Man, and of a very considerable Fortune, yet was of too *modern* a Creation, for a Family
of

138 History of Sir Harry Herald
of their *Antiquity* to engage in any
Intimacy beyond what the Forms of
Good-breeding prescribed; and but
for that most *just and rational* Ob-
jection he had entertained some
Thoughts of proposing an Alliance
for his eldest Son, with the Daugh-
ter of that Gentleman; since what
related to Fortune, and that which
the *World* esteemed prudent, there
could no Impediment lie.—Well,
replied his Brother, I wish, for
Charles's sake, there lay no other
in the way, but that absurd one
of *Family*, and *birth*—which I am
astonished, a Man of your Sense
should so long continue thus ridi-
culously attacked to.—Will *family*
feed a Man's Servants, and Horses?

or

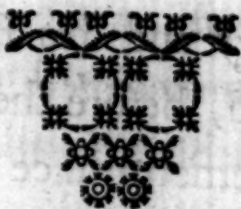
or pay off the Mortgage of his Estate? *That* indeed sometimes has happened, but then it has been at the *ineffimable* Price (as you consider it) of sacrificing to the Millions of Fortune, the mighty pride of *Blood*, and *Birth*—but no more of this stuff—let us immediately consider upon Measures to stop the Progress of this rash, inconsiderate Boy's Passion—which if we cannot effect, I shall totally reverse the Settlement I have made upon him, and let him try if the Pride of his *Family*, or the *Beauty* of his *Mistress*, will maintain themselves, or their future Brats.—And from me, replied Sir *Harry*, let him form no Expectation, since
he

140 History of Sir Harry Herald

he has thus *meanly* departed from the unsullied Honour of his *Ancestors*.

Some slight Debates arose between these Gentlemen, which of them^l should undertake the admonishing the young Lover, and both seemed backward in undertaking the Task. Mr. *Herald* urged it as a Duty incumbent upon Sir *Harry* as a Father.—*He* in return said, he was more immediately under the Influence of his Uncle who had adopted him; and upon whom not only his present, but future Fortune, solely depended. After some little time spent upon this Occasion, it was determined, that the *uniting* the Weight of their Authority

thority, was the most probable Method of its proving effectual, and for that Purpose retired to Sir *Harry's* Study, where the Offender was summoned to appear.





C H A P. XII.

A Conversation between Pride, Avarice, and Love, in the Persons of Sir Harry, Mr. Herald, and Charles.

SIR *Harry* and his Brother, determined, before they proceeded to their Remonstrance with young Mr. *Herald*, that *Felicia's* Letter should be new-sealed, and sent him——which, when done, and Time allowed for the reading it—a Servant was dispatched, to desire his Attendance in the Study——
where,

where, when he entered, and was seated, his Uncle told him, with all the Appearance of ease, and good humor he could muster up, that his Father, and he, had sent for him, to have his Sentiments upon a very serious Subject—and they made no doubt he would deliver them, with that open and ingenuous Freedom, and Truth, which had hitherto, been so remarkable in the whole Conduct of his Life.

He told them, he feared he was but little capable of throwing any new Lights upon a Subject *they* had deliberated, and remained doubtful in the Determination of.

O! returned his Father, 'tis not your Capacity of *Judgment* we want

144 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
want any Proofs of, but that of
your *Integrity* and *Honour*;—it is to
be frankly resolved, Whether you
have yet, seriously, turned your
Thoughts toward Marriage; and
if so, of what *Condition* and *Fa-*
mily the Woman is, who has
attracted your Regard. And, inter-
rupted the Uncle, give me leave
to add, Sir, of what *Fortune* she is?
— for *that*, let me tell you, with
me, is a more essential Circumstance.

These Questions, though close-
ly urged, [yet could never have
been put at a more critical Time
to draw forth a frank and explicit
Answer; for *Felicia's* Letter (corres-
pondent with the prophetic Spirit of
Meliora) had added fresh Fuel to a
Flame

Flame, that stood in no need of receiving Increase; and if his Ideas of her *personal* Charms were before raised to the utmost Extent, those of her exalted *Mind* had now filled him with an almost enthusiastic Reverence and Awe; which possessed him with an Opinion, that to disavow a Passion for an Object of such elevated Worth and Merit, would not only betray a want of just Discernment and Taste, but of that Truth and Honour he had ever held sacred; and had so solemnly engaged to *Felicia*——therefore, with a steady calm Resolution, he addressed his Father and Uncle in the following Words.——I have ever held departing from the Rules

146 History of Sir Harry Herald
of strict Truth, even on the *rightest*
Occasions, a Meanness that renders
contemptible the *lowest* Class of
Mankind; and in those who move
in a *higher* Sphere, it betrays a
Narrowness of Heart which levels
them with the most abject.—
But when the Heart is challenged
in Matters of *higher* Import, not to
strip it of every subtle, artful,
Disguise, and lay it naked before
those who plead a right to view
its most secret Recesses, were a
manifest Breach of every Law,
divine and human;—what Force
then is *added* to the strict Ob-
servance of those Laws, when
we are called upon by the powerful,
the tender Names of *Father* and of
Uncle;

Uncle; an Uncle! who so beneficently has become a *second Father*? How abandoned how insensible to every Bond of Gratitude and Duty, must the Breast be, that in the minutest Article should deviate into Falshood?—Let me then in Contempt of every interested View, and with a Regard most truly filial, discover to you, *that*, which I much dread, you will not behold in a *prudential* Light,—Yet, give me leave to indulge myself, in the hope you will feel with a *parental Sympathy*—and though your *Pardon* should not be obtained, yet both, in Tenderness, will grant your *Pity*.—I have, unwarranted by the previous Sanction

148 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

of your Advice or Knowledge, given up that Freedom of my Choice, you both had so indisputable a Right to exact Concurrence in.

His Uncle, warmly interrupting him, said—How! how's that, Sir? what are you married, then? and was the Letter, you just now received intended first to fall into my Hands as the Means of disclosing this pernicious Union?—No, Sir, returned the Nephew, I am much above those little Arts, and if I yet hold the place in your Confidence and Trust, I hitherto have done, you will banish all Doubts, when I affirm to you, by the hope I have of retaining that Credit—*I am not married.*—Here Sir

Harry

and Sir Edward Haunch. 149

Harry interrupting him, said, thank Heaven! then the *Honor* of our House, as yet is safe.—It never Sir, replied his Son shall know the slightest Taint from any Act of mine.

What! returned his Father, have you the Audacity to make that bold Assertion, whilst you avow a Correspondence that must contaminate mine, your own, and the whole Blood of your illustrious Ancestry?—Ay, Sir, interrupted his Uncle, and must inevitably contaminate You, your *Amaryllis*, and your illustrious Progeny, with Penury and Want—for if you don't, immediately, disclaim all future Commerce with this Woman, I disclaim all

150 History of Sir Harry Herald
future Commerce with you, and
will to-morrow adopt your Brother;
and so, Sir, I leave you to the Con-
templation of your Pillow, and
till ten in the Morning, to delibe-
rate upon it.



CHAP.



C H A P. XIII.

Which will give but little Satisfaction to the tender-hearted Reader.

HOW far the too grave and austere may be affected with the melancholy Prospect that threatened the young Lovers, Charles and Felicia, I shall not venture to pronounce; but think it no difficult Task to determine, what Sensibility the softer and more gentle Natures will be touched with, at those gathering Clouds that hung over them, and seemed bursting in

152 History of Sir Harry Herald

a Tempest, upon their Heads; the Rigor of which, the next Morning manifested itself, by the peremptory and fixed Resolves, of the Father, Uncle, and Lover, abiding by the Declarations, each had made the preceding Night.

Alfred expostulated with the warmest Energy, Tenderness of Friendship, and paternal Love, with his Father and Uncle, in Mitigation of his Brother's too *precipitate* Engagement, as he found himself under the Necessity of terming it, for a softer Epithet would, by no means, have been digested by the old Gentlemen.—He represented to them, that Love was an involuntary Passion, against which,

which, both Reason, and Philosophy, in vain exerted their Powers.—Appealed to their own Recollections, if they had not, in their younger Years, felt its ungovernable Sway, which swept before it, every calmer, and more deliberate Suggestion, not content with less than the sole, and universal Dominion of the Mind—And having heard his Uncle's Passion for Mrs. Britton, formerly whispered in the Family, he glanced, as *remotely* and *tenderly*, as possible, upon it; by urging, that so tenacious of Power was that little Tyrant, that he had heard, and read, of Instances, in which the Tyes of *Confidence, Friendship, and Honour,*

had been violated by Men, abstracted from this fatal Infatuation, of the strictest Morals, Probity, and Truth—but so powerfully delusive are its Charms, and so strongly rivetted its Chains, the most manly and determined Efforts, become vain and fruitless.

Here, perceiving his Uncle's Countenance changing, from Resentment, into languid Reflection, which was followed by a smothered Sigh—he closely pressed his Argument, by strenuously enforcing the Merits of his Brother, as a Man of unshaken Virtue, Integrity, and Honor—and that those Principles shone as conspicuously in the *Woman*, with whom he so fondly

fondly sympathised; with the Addition of *personal* Beauties, a Meekness and Modesty of Mind, too powerfully delicate, for the Intrusion, even of Vanity, to dispossess.

This Speech, thus pathetically delivered, reduced his Uncle to a Mitigation of the Sentence he had pronounced—who told him, that could the Resolutions he had formed, admit of Alteration, the Arguments he had made Use of, with such commendable, and sanguine Sensibility, might have effected their Purpose; but though they were not forcible enough to *change* his Determination, it should, from their Influence, however, be
some

156 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

some few Days *postponed*, in order to see, if *that* Lenity, would prevail upon his Brother, to curb and restrain his Head-strong Passion—but if he remained obstinate and fixed, he should find it repaid, with the same unalterable, and inflexible Disposition in *him*: That there was no supporting the Thought of an Alliance with a *Beggar's Bratt*—because, forsooth, she happened to be tolerably handsome—It is, indeed, rejoined Sir *Harry*, a Circumstance not to be dispensed with, as her *Birth* and *Family*, are so utterly *obscure* and *mean*—Had it been the Daughter of Sir *Edward*, the Matter might have admitted Alleviation, and
some

and Sir Edward Haunch. 157

some Degree of Countenance, since the Extent and Weight of her *Fortune*, would have made a slender Compensation, for the limited and narrow Channels of her *Blood*, which though not dignified by *Antiquity*, has the sufferable Sanction of *Title*, and two or three *Centuries*.

This Declaration of Sir *Harry's*, attended with Concessions *Alfred* so little expected, he would ever have descended to, induced him to think this Occasion the most favourable, that could possibly occur, for opening to him his Passion for *Meliora*.—Therefore, addressing him in the following Manner, said,—The favourable Sentiments,]
Sir,

158 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

Sir, you seem to hold of the Daughter of Sir *Edward Haunch*, in considering her as an Object, not wholly unworthy of my *Brother's* Choice, give me sufficient Reason, for hoping, you will view her in the same Light, when I tell you, she is, of all the Women I have yet beheld, the most desirable Object of *mine*.

Sir *Harry*, after a long, and very solemn Pause, replied—Though the Case is in no Degree similar between *you*, and your Brother, since *his* Pretensions to the Honor our Family has, so many Ages, been dignified with, is more remote, as being the second in Descent—but upon *you*, continued he, when-
ever

and Sir Edward Haunch. 159

ever I am summoned to my illustrious Ancestors, immediately devolve the Trust and Safeguard of that Dignity, which has hitherto been preserved from the smallest Graft on a *Plebeian* Stock, or any other less illustrious than its own.—Yet, when I revolve the Dangers which may attend *my* Dissolution, without first discharging the Duty incumbent on me, of providing, by the most prudential Measures, against the future Extinction of our Race—I am induced, for the preventing so fatal a Period, to give some Attention to your Alliance with a Family, greatly unequal in its Claims to such an Honor.—And
more

160 History of Sir Harry Herald
more especially, I may, 'tis possible, be influenced to repress what *Honor* dictates, from a fond *parental* Regard, to the putting you into Possession of a young Lady, for whom you profess such ardent Wishes.

Alfred, with all the Marks of grateful Deference and Duty, blended with a Transport in his *Face*, which evidently bespoke that of his *Heart*, replied—I know not, Sir, in what Words to represent to you, the affecting Sentiments with which my Breast is filled, for an Indulgence, that, even my warmest Wishes were too weak to ripen into Hope. Sir *Harry*, interrupting him, said—
Alfred,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 161

Alfred, you are not less precipitate in your Returns of Gratitude, for my seeming Concessions to your Passion, than you were in the contracting it, without my Approbation and Advice—I have only said, I may be induced to give some Sort of *Attention* to such an Alliance—but *that* amounts not to a Decision sufficient to raise in you these Emotions of Joy and Exultation, which I insist must be suspended, till Time shall furnish me with Leisure for more mature Reflection. And during the intermediate Space, acquaint your Brother with the Resolutions, his Uncle and myself, have taken,
and

and advise him to Humility and Obedience; for without them, added Mr. *Herald*, *Love* and *Poverty*, are like to prove his only Companions.



C H A P. XIV.

Of as much Importance as the preceding one.

THE favorable Disposition of Sir Harry toward Meliana was some Alleviation of the Inquietude Alfred felt for the impending Fate of his Brother and Felicia,—for he was assured all Remonstrances would prove vain and ineffectual to dispossess his Bosom of those Tender Sentiments of Passion he so ardently entertained.— Yet, in Obedience to his Father,
and

164 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

and Uncle, he considered himself under the indispenfible Obligation of acquainting him with the Commiffion they had given him in charge;—which he executed in the foftest and moft gentle Terms the Humanity of his Difpofition, and the fixed inviolable Regard he held toward his Brother, could poffibly admit;—at the fame time rendering him the Confolation, by the moft folemn and affectionate Affurances, that whatever rigorous Measures, the Petulancy of their Uncle's Temper might induce him to enter into his diffavor, by transferring his future Fortune from the one to the other, fhould ever be confidered by him, as an ill-judged
Act

Act of Power; and that his admitting the Adoption to fall upon *him*, should be with no other purpose, but that of re-conferring it the instant his Uncle's Death gave him the Capacity of doing it.—But the withdrawing the present Appointment now made him, was a Circumstance which gave him infinite Anxiety, because beyond his Power to redress—or at least, in the Proportion he wished, from the too scanty Pittance he received from their Father; who by his mistaken Prejudices, in favor of those Phantoms, *Family* and *Descent*, he found would never be wrought upon to be less inexorable than their Uncle—Therefore added, though he held
Hy-

Hypocrisy in the meanest and most contemptible Light, yet he could not but be of Opinion, there *were* Instances so circumstanced, where *temporizing* might be consistent with the strictest Rules of Honor; and *this*, certainly, by every impartial Judge, must be considered as *one*.
— If Duty and Gratitude were Debts Nature exacted toward his Uncle, the same Nature, as strictly called upon him, aided by the Ties of Love, and Honor, not to involve with himself, the amiable Object to whom he had pledged them, in a Series of Distress and Misery, 'till Heaven thought fit to call their Uncle, from the World.

and Sir Edward Haunch. 167

Charles, embracing him with the utmost Eagerness and Warmth, said, my dear *Alfred*, to say I am surprised at this unequalled Generosity of Soul, in rejecting that large Advancement of your Fortune, the Adoption of our Uncle would possess you of, were to depreciate and lessen that continued Circle of affecting Proofs, you have given from our earliest Years; of the tenderest, and even more than fraternal Friendship, nor have I less Sensibility and Feeling, of those apprehensive Fears, you are actuated with, to prevent any distressful Circumstance might fall on my *Felicia*; but I have already made so open, and undisguised a

De-

168 History of Sir Harry Herald
Declaration of my Passion, that
to recede, I am convinced, would
appear to my Father, and Uncle,
too thin and weak a Pretext, to
gain the slenderest Credit, there-
fore must wait the happier Influ-
ence of my Fortune, and patiently
submit myself to her more in-
dulgent Moments. But I am
now pressed with more immediate
Anxiety, the making *Felicia* ac-
quainted with the fatal Error of
her Letter's falling into the Hands
of my Uncle.—How shall I rise
to the Resolution, of disturbing
that tender Bosom with the Inqui-
tude which will inevitably attend
her Knowledge of it!—I have
twice or thrice sat down to the At-
tempt,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 169

tempt, but rose unequal to the Task, disturbed, and too much ruffled by Apprehensions of the Pain her Gentleness of Mind must be subjected to.—*There*, replied *Alfred*, I doubly sympathize, since *Meliora*, I am convinced, will largely partake in the generous Sollicitude.

After having retired to *Alfred's* Apartment, (for this Conversation occurred in the *Park*) as a proper Place for deliberating in, it was determined *Alfred* should write to *Meliora*, as not so immediately concerned in the unhappy Disaster; and who was possessed of a larger Share of Spirits, and a proportioned Discretion, by easy Degrees, to

VOL. I. I make

170 History of Sir Harry Herold
make her less volatile Friend acquainted with it.

The Reader perhaps will not be disgusted with the Contents of this Letter—which were as follows.

M A D A M.

HOW unequal are the Ideas we form of the Distributions of Fate? could I have imagined its *severest* Revolutions should bring round the Period, when writing to *Meliora* could prove an *irksom* Task? yet such are its tyrannous Decrees.

I am compelled to consider that as a Severity which on every other Occasion would have administered the highest Transport—but I am constrained to give *Meliora* Pain—

2 for

and Sir Edward Haunch. 171

for she *will* partake her Friend's.—
Not to increase Anxiety by Suspence—*Felicia's* Letter to my Brother, unhappily fell into my Uncle's Hands, who had arrived at my Father's, some short time before her Messenger——This has occasioned some warm Resolutions from both my Father and Uncle—which poor *Charles* was himself incapable, from a too affecting Sensibility, to communicate to *Felicia*; and my *Friendship*, at his instance, has done this Violence to my *Love*, in supplicating you to undertake the mortifying, but friendly Office, which both your Good-sense, and Nature, will readily dictate to you, of letting her know it in the gentlest and softest Manner. I 2 But

172 History of Sir Harry Herald

But should I,—yes I *must*, rejoice at any Incident, though distressful to my *Friends*, that furnished an Occasion to expedite my Happiness with *Meliora*——which beyond my Wishes, occurred in my Expostulation with my Father on the behalf of *Charles*—but let me reserve the Pleasure of descending into the Particulars of it, till some kinder Star directs the Fortune of our Friends—and renders mutual Cause for Gratulation, on *their* Felicity with that of *Meliora* and

the ever faithful

ALFRED.

The

and Sir Edward Haunch. 173

The Disaster, the above Letter gives an account of, was not considered by *Meliora*, in so calamitous a Light, as the two Brothers seemed to view it—she, reflecting upon the Discovery of *Charles's* Passion to his Father and Uncle, as an Incident that *must* occur, deemed it rather as a *favorable* Pre-sage, than fraught with the *imagined* Danger, and Inconvenience. For in communicating its Contents to *Felicia*, instead of treating the Subject, with a desponding Countenance and Air, she rattled upon it with great Ease and Pleasantry, —telling her, that violent Opposition to the *mental* Flames, kind-

174 History of Sir Harry Herald

led by *Cupid*, like Oil applied to the *material*, served only to *increase* what it purposed *destroying*,
 —and to expose the precipitant Folly, and Ignorance, of the officious Medlers.—And believe me, my Dear, continued she, this busy impertinent Uncle of *Charles's*, when he has teized, and fretted him into a Fever (which if I have any skill in these Matters, I'll lay my Life will prove the Case) then will he throw his whole Estate, and *you*, into his Possession, to bring about his Cure—Oh! these very terrible, hasty Mortals, like incensed Prudes, proclaim destructive War with their *Tongues*, while their
 Hearts

and Sir Edward Haunch. 175

Hearts secretly incline to sulutary Peace.

Felicia told her, though she knew she would be as pleasant upon the Opinion she held of this *Discovery* of her Letter, as she had been upon the Effects of *sending it*—yet *she* continued so sanguine in the Success she wished from *both*, that what the one might not, perhaps, *wholly* accomplish, yet would so far prepare her Lover's more sedate Reflection, that the *other* would establish in its fullest extent.—O! ay, replied *Meliora*, *sedate Reflection*, is certainly a most notable Advocate, and from its sage Mouth I expect the *old Gentle-*

176 History of Sir Harry Herald
man will by-and-by, receive a
gentle Whisper of Admonition;
but to imagine it will make a fruit-
less Attempt upon a *sprightly Lover*
of *two-and-twenty*, is no more to
be expected, than a *Sans prendre*
Vole, when *Spadille* is out of your
Hand.—Or to expect, replied *Felicia*,
you would relinquish the kind
Assistance of your Friends, when
even the most distant hope had
neglectingly forfok them. Ay,
returned *Meliora*, or that I should
longer relinquish an Opportunity of
answering my Lover's Letter—
when I am a tip-toe to go about
it, and he in longing Expectation of
receiving it.—Therefore come
into

and Sir Edward Haunch. 177

into my Closet, and tell me what
I shall say, for you are, at least,
equally concerned.

CHAP. XV.





C H A P. XV.

A Visit intended, and to whom.

SIR Harry, and his Brother, after many Deliberations, upon what Measures might prove most effectual, for preventing the Progress of *Charles's* Passion, united in Opinion, that *Felicia's* Removal out of Sir *Edward Haunch's* Family, appeared the most probable Measure, but the Accomplishment of it was considered by both, as attended with difficulty; since it would appear a very extraordinary Request, to banish a distressed young

young Creature, from a Gentleman's Family, who had humanely taken her, an almost helpless Orphan, under his Protection, and Care; and, if abandoned by *him*, must, inevitably be exposed to the Insults and Miseries of an unfeeling World. These were Cruelties they were very justly apprehensive would be charged to *their* Account—and such, as their *natural* Dispositions were Enemies to.—Yet such, as the Pride of *one*, and gloomy Habits of the *other*, induced them to reflect on, with too little Candor; and out-balanced the tender Dictates of Nature.

Nor

180 History of Sir Harry Herald

Nor was *Public Censure* the sole Impediment that arose—the manner of making Application to Sir *Edward Haunch*, for her Removal, employed much of their Speculation.—When after revolving on many Expedients, Sir *Harry* said, the only effectual one he could suggest, was a proposition of Marriage, between his eldest Son and Sir *Edward's* Daughter—and stipulating the Dismission of *Felicia*, as a previous Condition.—This the Baronet asserted as a Concession, so *honourably advantageous* to Sir *Edward*, he could not hesitate an instant in his Compliance.

Mr.

and Sir Edward Haunch. 181

Mr. *Herald* approved of the Measures proposed by Sir *Harry*, though not from the same Motives——concluding, Sir *Edward* might, indeed, consider it in an *advantageous* Light—but as to the *Honourable* Light he might view it in, he imagined Sir *Edward* and himself, would pay it a similar Regard.

He proposed going thither the next Morning, but Sir *Harry* objected to the Indecorum of paying a Visit, especially on so *momentous* an Occasion, without the previous Notice of a Day, at least—therefore, a Servant was dispatched to Sir *Edward*, to acquaint him in Form, that Sir
Harry

Harry Herald, and his *Brother*, intended themselves the favour of paying him an Afternoon's Visit, the following Day.

This occasioned some Speculation from Sir *Edward*, as he was well acquainted with the reserve and particularity, of Sir *Harry's* Disposition, and the more so, since to his *Brother* he was an entire Stranger.—But when the young *Ladies* were made acquainted with this intended Visit, they were not long in deliberating upon its Purposes—and though *Meliora* had her Fears for *Felicia*, she no less benevolently, than artfully, covered them with the Veil of Hope—telling her

her the old Gentlemen were, positively, coming to propose publishing the Bands of Marriage of the *Swains*, their *Sons*, with the *Nymphs* that presided in those Plains,—adding, I vow, Child, I am in a terrible Twitter about it;—and, in the Name of Love and Hymen! my Dear, what kind of Spirits do *you* find yourself in?

My Spirits, replied *Felicia*, keep their Current with my Fortune, which is too low, and humble, for those Emotions *Hope* suggests. — But though Despondency withholds their animating flow, toward every pleasing Prospect that relates to *me*, yet *Friendship* gives them warmth, from the enlivening

184 History of Sir Harry Herald
ning View, of your approaching
Happiness with *Alfred*—for rest
assured, my dear *Meliora*, the Sub-
ject of his Letter is *that*, of To-
morrow's Visit from his Father
and Uncle.

Well! returned *Meliora*, I am
as perfectly persuaded of that, as
you can possibly be—but will
never be brought to suppose they
come with a Marriage-Contract,
in *one* Hand, and a Divorce in
t'other—'twould be as absurd as
a Fiddle at a Funeral.

The Conversation was inter-
rupted, by a visit from a Neigh-
bouring Lady, and her two
Daughters, the Mother, and Sis-
ters of Mr. *Scent*, mentioned in

and Sir Edward Haunch. 185
a former Chapter; and may be
recollected by the Reader, as a
very shining Example of Polite-
ness, Eloquence, and Equity,
which were so amply displayed
at the Table of *Sir Edward
Haunch*—and though I am thus
ironically ludicrous, with the *Male*
Line of the 'Squire's Family—
yet to its *Female* Branches, let
me be as justly grave.—In the
Dispensations of Nature in this
Family, she seems to have turned
out of her usual Course; bestow-
ing upon the *Daughters*, the
sprightly Abilities, and good Sense
of the *Father*, and on the *Son*
the impertinent Loquacity, and
tyrannic Disposition of the *Mother*.

The

The Reader perhaps will be apt to say, (when I have recited to him, the Tea-table Chat of this Visit) I might have saved myself the trouble of this Information—and that the Characters better illustrate themselves, than my Animadversions.—But I am one of those kind of Authors, who, like our great Predecessor, *Shakespeare*, have an amazing Redundancy of *Fancy*; and am an utter Enemy to *expunging* any of the Children of my own Brain—Perhaps, some of my Readers will be apt to say, with one of our tragic Poets, *'Twere better far they never had been born—*

Why,

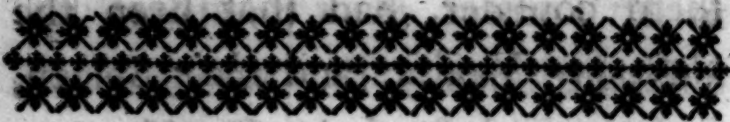
and Sir Edward Haunch. 187

Why, that may be—but then let them consider, had that been the Case, *my* Vanity, and *their* Spleen, had both lost their Gratification.

Therefore that neither may want a sufficient Meal, I shall proceed with my Relation, in the following Chapter.



CHAP.



C H A P. XVI.

*Some new Characters introduced
to the Readers Acquaintance.*

MRS. Scent was a Widow of about *Forty-five*, with as little Knowledge, and as large a Portion of Vanity and Affectation, as generally attends *fifteen*.—Had been a little acquainted with the *Beau-monde*, but had acquired only its most remarkable *Foibles*;—therefore, without the Salutations Decency, and Good-breeding require,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 189

quire, her Conversation opened, in a Torrent of Complaints, of different kinds.—The Weather was insufferably warm!—How could they endure a Fire, that was large enough to dress a Dinner for the High-Sheriff at an Assize?—Besides, it was the most hurtful thing in Nature to the Complexion.—For her part, she never suffered her Daughters to come near a Fire, the coldest Day in the Year, in *her* Presence.—It made them utterly unfit for the bustling Affairs of a Family, which, indeed, they were not very fond of attending, and were always happiest, when they could get into their own Chambers,

to

190 History of Sir Harry Herald
to read a Parcel of fiddle-faddle
Books, that spoiled all the *House-*
wives in the Kingdom.—She
could not conceive what Business
Women had with Books,—a notable
Body would find Employment
enough about a House, without
Reading;—it was good for little,
but making both the Women,
and the Men, a Parcel of Drones,
and look, and talk, like so many
Witches and Wizards.—Why
now, there was her Boy, *Dicky*,
he seldom troubled his Head about
such *Stuff*, and had a better Con-
stitution, and a more ruddy,
healthful, Countenance, than half
the Gentlemen of the County;—
and yet he had as *much* to say in
Company,

Company, as the best of them, that could prattle *Greek* and *Latin*.—Nay, he was not behind Hand with them in those, but he thought it unbecoming a *Gentleman*, and only fit for the Parson of the Parish.

Meliora said, she had received repeated Instances of Mr. *Scent's* remarkable Talents in Conversation, both at her Father's Table, and the Assembly at *Shrewsbury*; where no body made a more distinguished Figure, always rising superior to the narrow Assistance of *Books*, and became conspicuous, only, from those Endowments *Nature* has so liberally bestowed.—O, yes! replied the youngest

192 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
youngest of the Sisters, *Nature*
has been most amazingly bounti-
ful to my ingenious Brother;
she has given him an astonishing
retentive Faculty, in remember-
ing the Names of his own, and
every other Gentleman's *Dogs*,
in the Country; with most *power-
ful* Lungs, and an amazing Fa-
cility of conversing, almost, at
any Distance, with them.

Pray, interrupted the elder,
don't let him be robbed of *any*
of those Qualities, he so justly
deserves.—Why have you omitted
his vast Knowledge in *others* of
the Animal Creation, as Horses,
Hares, Deers, Foxes, Badgers,
Otters, &c. &c.—As to that
hid-

hidden Knowledge my Mamma supposes him to have with the *Greeks*, and *Latins*, he is so horrid a Churl, not only of his Acquaintance with *them*, but of his *English* Intimacies, if he has contracted any, that he has never once suffered us to be one Jot the better for his Familiarity with them.—No! truly, replied the Mother, to what Purpose? to set your Brains a madding after this, and that Author, (as your poor Father I think, used to call the People that write) 'till you pore yourselves into Consumptions, as he did, like a Madman as he was.—For my Part, I never understood half the Stuff he used

to prate over, when he got into his talking Vein, with any of his Companions, that he was so violently fond of, as Men of great *Abilities* and *Parts*, as he called them.

Felicia said, she had always imagined it one of the most eligible *Parts* of a Gentleman's Character, to be properly distinguished, for his Knowledge of Men and Books.—Ay! replied *Mrs. Scent*, it may do very well, for *younger Brothers*, or poor paltry *Parsons*, and *Lawyers*, that are to get their *Bread* by their Books, but she saw no use it could be of, to Men of *Fortune*, that lived independent of the World.

World. If they understood *Accounts*, and the Value of *Lands*, to prevent their Stewards cheating, and getting Estates under them; or had Reading enough, to preside at a Quarter-Sessions, it was sufficient to prevent Impositions, and draw a proper Respect from the Country, where they resided.—Had Mr. Scent gone no farther, he had been alive at this Hour, and I had not been perpetually pester'd, with the Sollicitations of impertinent People, to change my Condition.—Well! I am really astonished, Women are generally so fond of Admirers, every thing they say to one, is nothing but

196 History of Sir Harry Herald

a Parcel of studied Cant, they get by Rote, ready upon every Occasion, and which serves the Old and Ugly, as well as the Beautiful and Young; is equally credited by both, and often delivered with equal Sincerity.

Why, Madam, replied *Meliora*, I believe, *that* may sometimes be the Case, where a swinging Jointure, or overgrown Fortune is in the Scale—but there are Instances, I imagine, where Youth and Beauty, have outweighed every other Consideration, than that of their own intrinsic Merit.—O, cried the younger Miss *Scent*, I make no doubt my Mamma recollects the Period, when she was

convinced her Lovers paid their Tribute more to the *Personal Charms*, Nature endowed her with, than those *Fortune* had conferred.

Why, returned the Mother, I must, indeed acknowledge, I have received very ample Proofs of a disinterested Passion, in more Instances than one; and was strongly solicited to make a *stolen Match* of it by your *Father*, which, he well knew would have so incensed *mine*, that, in all probability, he would not have given me a Shilling.—Well, he was a strange violent Man! and I vow, pressed me so close, I was once or twice, almost inclined to submit to his eager Sollicitations — but Heaven

198 History of Sir Harry Herald

be praised! I had too much Constancy of Mind, and too great a Regard to him, to throw a Beggar into his Arms.—And I advise you both, never to harken to Propositions of that idle Kind; for I promise you, I have my *Father's* Blood in my Veins, and shall certainly follow *his* Opinion; and your Fortunes are left to *my* Discretion, and *your* Obedience—therefore if you forfeit *one*, depend upon it, I shall Maintain, and Support the *other*.

I hope, Madam, returned the eldest Daughter, there is not any Danger of putting either to the Trial.—Pray, Sister, returned the other, don't be too lavish of your
Promises

Promises—for should a Lover fall in the Way, as Importunate as my *Papa* was, I am terribly afraid we should inherit all *his* Warmth;—and Mamma's *suspence*, perhaps, without her *Caution*, and *Pru-dence*—in trying how deep Cupid's Arrows would Wound, untipp'd with Gold—and I have an implicit Belief, Madam, of your Indulgence, in forgiving an Error, you were upon the brink of committing *yourself*.

The Resentment and Indignation which were visibly rising in the old Lady's Countenance, at this frank Rallery of her Daughter's, were fortunately prevented from breaking forth, by the

abrupt Entrance of the young
Squire, who took the Occasion of
 this Family-Visit, to introduce
 himself, under that Sanction, to
 a sight of *Felicia*, for whom he
 entertained some softer Thoughts,
 than might readily be supposed
 from the roughness of his Dis-
 position.—And notwithstanding his
 Hunting-Acquaintance with Sir
Edward, and his secret *Tendre* for
 the *Lady*, he had never yet
 sum'd up Resolution enough, to
 pay any other Visits, than those
 which had occurred from the
 general Invitation, made by the
 Knight, to his Companions of the
 Chase——and there was a strong
 Commotion between Diffidence,
 Love,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 201
Love, and an habitual Disregard
to Female Society, before he could
prevail upon himself to enter the
Lists—but like a redoubted *Hero*,
he commenced the Combat with
great marks of Intrepidity, in his
first Onset—telling the Ladies,
they ought to think themselves
much obliged to him; for he
left half a Dozen of the jolliest
Fellows in the County, to give
them his Company.

Meliora told him, it was an Ho-
nor they had as little Expectation
of, as Pretensions to; and she was
afraid, it would be a degree of Va-
nity, to place it to *Felicia's*, or her
own Account—since those other
Ladies had so superior a Right,

202 History of Sir Harry Herald
to challenge the Merit to themselves.—Why do you suppose, Madam, replied *Scent*, that Mothers, and Sisters, could draw a Man from a set of such hearty Lads, as I have just left? By the *Wrekin*! that would be as wise, as if so be, a Man should give in Exchange, the best Hunters in his Stable for an old Mare, and a Couple of young skittish Fillies, that run wild about the Common—No, no, by the Lord! I am no such Bungler at a Bargain—E'cod, I had my Eye upon one of the prettiest Tits in this County, or the next; that I put more *valuation* upon, than all the Studs in the Nation—and if so
be,

be, the Purchase is to be brought about, no Man in the three Kingdoms shall bid fairer, than *Dick Scent*.

Meliora smiling, said, she was sorry her Inexperience in Affairs of that Kind, rendered her unable to offer her Advice, or Assistance—for even the *Language*, was almost unintelligible to her; but if he chose to explain himself, she would endeavour to render him any Service in her Power.

Why, Madam, replied the eldest Sister, if my Brother chooses it, I'll undertake the Province of being his Interpreter, in explaining these Allegories.—No, Madam, returned the 'Squire, your Brother
does.

204 History of Sir Harry Herald
does *not* choose it.—Why, what a
dickins! sure I am able to be
my own Spokesman, at these
Years, or the World's come to a
fine Pass.—And if so be, Madam,
(addressing himself to *Felicia*) it
was not before Company, I war-
rant, *you* and *I*, should understand
one another in a Crack.—Then,
Sir, answered *Felicia*, we must
both be a little more *enlightened*
than we appear at present.

The old Lady not being greatly
pleased with her Son's Declara-
tion, thought it necessary to break
up the Conference; lest he should
come to a farther Explanation—
therefore, desired her Coach should
be

and Sir Edward Haunch. 205

be ordered to the Door, and suddenly took her Leave,—as I do of the Reader, till the following Chapter; for this is run into a length, not quite Correspondent with *Mine*, or the *Bookseller's* Interest.



C H A P.



C H A P. XVII.

*A Conjecture of Sir Edward Haunch
not ill founded.*

WHEN the motley Family, mentioned above, were retired, *Meliora*, with a kind of Ludicrous Ceremony, congratulated *Felicia* upon her new Conquest, adding, with a laughing Irony,—my Dear, don't you think the little Archer most superlatively indulgent to you, who, while you are under Apprehensions one mrow will be tyrannically shiver'd to

to Pieces, against the stony Bosoms of obdurate Parents, has kindly sharpened, and shot forth another? And though its Workmanship is not altogether so *Delicate*, and *neatly* Proportioned, 'tis pompously Burnished with *Gold*, from the Feathers, to the very Point.— If, replied *Felicia*, my present Situation of Mind could admit the Interposition of Pleasure, it would be in reflecting upon the strange, unparallell'd Method, to say nothing of the amazing Politeness, by which this boisterous Clown discovered his hateful Passion.—O! returned *Meliora*, I promise you, there are much abler Heads than his Workship

208 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
-ship's, which in *Love Affairs*, and
every other, fancy *Fortune* a suf-
-ficient Apology, for all the Inso-
-lent, and Haughty Impertinence,
-their paltry Bride suggests.

How very differently, answered *Fe-
-licia*, are the Minds of Men formed?
how various the Impressions, both
Nature, and Fortune have made?
how inelegant! how coarse the
-Behaviour of some? and how
delicate the Sentiments!—what
Honor, Generosity, and Nobility
of Soul in others? Come, inter-
-rupted *Meliora*, out with it—and
how conspicuously amiable, are
the latter, in the lovely *Charles*
Herald? is not that at the bot-
-tom of this wise, philosophical,
Distinct-

and Sir Edward Haunch. 209

Distinction? My Wisdom, and Philosophy, replied *Felicia*, had I those Qualities, would be more properly employed, in *divesting* my self, of those favourable Ideas of a Man, whose Condition of Mind, and Fortune, is so far removed above my Hopes.—My Dear, answered *Meliora*, Fortune, indeed has been too partially severe in her Distributions between you; but then the two notable Levellers, *Dame Venus*, and her *equitable Son*, in concert with that venerable Matron, *Nature*, have formed his *Mind* in an exact proportion to his *own*, and *your* Wishes. Here Sir *Edward* entering the Apartment, put an end to the Controversy;
if

210 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
if that may be termed so, where
two People were precisely of the
same Opinion.

The Baronet, though not remarkably endued with the Spirit of Prophecy, yet, now seemed somewhat enlightened by a dawning of its Beams, by foretelling in Part, the Purposes that were intended, by the Visit of Sir *Harry Herald*, but its Wings did not soar high enough, to afford the most distant *Glimmering*, what Tendency his *Brother's* being of the Party could possibly have beyond Ceremony, and a Desire of his Acquaintance.—He was from both Motives, however, very solicitous they should have such

and Sir Edward Haunch. 211

a Reception as might properly gratify his own, as well as the Pride of his *Brother-Baronet*; whom, he well knew, held Forms, and Punctilios, in the highest Veneration.—His second Sight, or to continue the more *Eastern Phrasiology*, used above, his *prophetic Fire* possessed him, Sir Harry had Propositions of Marriage, in view for his eldest Son, with *Meliora*.—This prompted him with an eager Desire, of having not only his Daughter, but his House, set forth and adorned with their most pompous Decorations; for though he had some Doubts about him, whether Sir Harry's Parade of Pride, might not have

have made Encroachments upon his Lands and Tenements; yet having a reasonable Portion of Confidence in his own Sagacity, in finding out the Truth of it, and whether enough remained for a suitable Settlement; he was extremely willing the Alliance should be promoted, as far as Discretion would admit. — Therefore, addressing his Daughter, with a Mixture of Joy and Sollicitude, said, he hoped she had given ample Directions, that all the Rooms, proper to be seen, were put into the exactest Order; that the Paper upon the embroidered Bed, and Hangings, in the State-Chamber, was taken off; the best
Carpets

and Sir Edward Haunch. 213

Carpets spread—in short, that all things should be conducted in a manner correspondent with his Station, and Fortune.—But my dear *Melly*, continued the old Gentleman, with a kind of rapturous Injunction, above all, have a particular Regard to setting forth *thyself*, with every Advantage—Dress in your last Birthday Suit, that you appeared at Court in—put on all the Family Jewels, and those since, bought for your Mother, and yourself, for *thou* art the Loadstone that draws Sir *Harry Herald* hither.

Meliora laughing, said, Heaven forbid! why sure, Sir, you don't imagine the venerable
Knight

Knight has any Thoughts of making his Addresses to *me*?—Indeed, Madam, returned Sir *Edward*, I am fully persuaded, that is the principal Purpose of To-morrow's Visit.—Why, then, cried *Meliora*, my dear Papa, you must not be angry, if I tell you, *my* principal Purpose, shall be to have a violent Fit of the Vapours, and not stir out of my Chamber the whole Day.

He, smothering a Smile, said, Why you little disobedient Baggage! have not an ancient Family, and Title, with a large Estate, sufficient Charms to allure? O, yes, Sir, returned *Meliora*, I have no kind of Objection to the *anti-*
quity

and Sir Edward Haunch. 215

quity of the *Title, Estate, or Family*, but to that of their *present Possessor*.—I am a little apprehensive the World would be apt to say, I had a larger Share of *Pride*, than *Prudence*; and sacrificed *Youth, Gaiety*, and a *tolerable Person*, to the venerable Attractions of *Seventy* and a *Coat of Arms*.

Well! well! returned Sir Edward, to prevent your *Fears*, and the World's *sage Reflections*, I promise you I have no Disposition to countenance such an Alliance, nor do I at all imagine Sir Harry has any to propose it.—But what think you of his *eldest Son*, Madam? I presume your *Objections to him*, are not
alto-

altogether so powerful? Why, I think, Sir, returned *Meliora*, I should really bid fairer for the Concurrence of the general Opinion, and I have a strong Propensity to falling in with *that*, whenever it happens to correspond with my *own*.—But, pray, Sir, why should you suppose Marriage, of all things, should be Sir *Harry's* Business?

Because, returned the Knight, I suppose, of all Things, 'tis a Business Men who have Children, are constantly anxious about, and more than ordinarily solicitous in making a *proper* Choice, lest their Children, who, they are sure, are still *more* anxious, should happen

happen to make an *improper* one.—
Then, addressing himself to *Felicia*, said, I wish with all my Heart, my Girl, I could point out a proper Match for *thee*, and am sincerely sorry the Practice of the World, prevents it from considering *Beauty* and *Merit*, as Equivalents for the want of *Fortune*.

She answered, the benevolent Indulgence, and even paternal Care, he had so remarkably bestowed, and the tender Friendship with which his Daughter treated her, had made Life roll on in such a settled Series of Tranquillity and Ease, they had not afforded Leisure for reflecting

218 History of Sir Harry Herald
upon *future* Prospects; but engaged her Mind, in grateful Recollection of the *past*, and *present* Happiness, that flowed from their Beneficence;—that the Presumption of looking forward to any other more extensive Views, was neither suited to her humble *Fortune*, or her *Mind*.

Here the Sensibility of Gratitude and Love, uniting in her Bosom, swelled upward to her Eyes, and silently bespoke the Language of the *Heart*.

Meliora, who was ever solicitous to dissipate her Cares, rather by a sprightly Turn of Rallery, than a phlegmatic Condolance, said, how can you my dear

and Sir Edward Haunch. 219

dear, complain of the severity of Fortune, who have been so lately favoured with her Smiles, in the auspicious Victory, gained over that Mirror of Elegance and Politeness, the accomplished Mr. *Scent*? —who, I'll be sworn, 'till *you* humanized his Heart, never knew *one* Impulse toward any mortal Being, except his Dogs and Horses.

By my troth, interrupted Sir *Edward*, I rejoice at the Reformation, for thy sake *Felicia*; why, my Girl, he has a good two thousand Pound a-year, clear of all Incumbrance, but his Mother's Jointure, which I think, is four hundred.—His Sisters

Fortunes are wholly independant of the Estate; and the Jointure can't be long before it falls in, for the old Woman will certainly prate herself into a Consumption.—Not so certainly, Sir, replied *Felicia*, as Reflection would throw *me* into one, were I weak enough to sacrifice my Peace of Mind by debasing the sacred Marriage-vow, to the Allurements Fortune falsely flatters too many of our Sex in becoming victims too.

Why, returned Sir *Edward*, I must confess, Child, these are very just, and generous Sentiments, but then a Coach and Six,—a Jaunt once a-year to
 2 London—

London—rich Cloaths, Jewels—
and above all—the Charms of
Independency, are a kind of Ba-
lance, methinks, not to be re-
sisted.—*Felicia* replied, the last,
indeed, *bad* Charms, but not
to sooth the Mind from *Virtue's*
steady Basis, and such she must
esteem, even the *legal* giving up
her *Person*, to the Man, who
ever must remain a Stranger to
her *Heart*.—That, should the
Rigor of her Stars, malevolently,
throw her off from that Protec-
tion and Support, she so un-
merited received, she would de-
scend to *servitude*, to *penury*, and
want, rather than stoop, to the
far *meaner* Poverty, of a *dis-*

222 History of Sir Harry Herald
sembling Hypocrite with him, to
whom she vowed, before the
Face of Heaven, ever to preserve
inviolable Truth.

Meliora, concluding the Emo-
tion *Felicia* so apparently dis-
covered, arose as much from the
Delicacy of her Mind, at the
inadvertent mention, Sir *Edward*
had made, of a State of Inde-
pendency, [as any other Motive,
thought it highly necessary to
put an End to the Conversa-
tion, by desiring her to go
with her, and assist in pre-
paring for the Reception of
the Visitors, they were to be
honoured with, the next Day;
—of

and Sir Edward Haunch. 223

—of which the Reader shall
have an ample Account in the
following Chapter.





C H A P. XVIII.

Which cost the Author some trouble, but is of little Consequence to the Reader.

HISTORICAL Authors, like Traders, sometimes precipitate themselves into Promises, which retrospects to the order of Time, prevent their fulfilling—and both find themselves under the necessity of breaking their *Word* to maintain their *Credit*—absurd as this may appear, gentle Reader,

der, 'tis precisely the Case between yourself and me—I told you in the last Chapter, that this should furnish you with an Account of the Interview, between the two Baronets—I have since recollected a *prior* Engagement, which you will yourself admit, is of sufficient Force to induce the dispensing with the *last*, till the former is discharged, since it challenges Precedency, by the Laws of literary Intercourse, as punctually as a Bill, *first* drawn, ought to stand so, in the course of *Payment*—suffer me, therefore, in reviewing the Paper Credit, that lies before me, to answer the Demands,

226 History of Sir Harry Herald

mands, I find myself engaged in, to the two young Gentlemen, *Alfred* and *Charles*—who now call upon me for an arrear, I ought to have balanced with them, sometime since.

They both received Intimation of the intended Visit to Sir *Edward Haunch's*—but were both equally Strangers to the Measures the old Gentlemen had planned, for promoting the Happiness of *one*, and Misery of the *other*—but were not, however, without their Fears, that their *Uncle's* going thither, must be attended with some disagreeable Consequence.—Nor were the pleasing Ideas the Elder
fug-

suggested to himself, from the favourable attention his Father had given to his discovering his Regards to *Meliora*, sufficient to dissipate the Apprehensions he was under, of the determinations that might be taken, to the prejudice of his *Brother* — whose Interest, and Welfare he was determined to hold in Balance with his own; and even put the *one* in hazard for the preservation of the *other*.

They conferred upon the Measures, necessary to be taken for obviating the Mischiefs, they were but too justly Apprehensive, the approaching Interview of the
three

228 History of Sir Harry Herald
three old Gentlemen seemed pregnant with.—The younger expressed the deepest concern, lest the false Pride, predominant in his Father, or the Impetuosity of his Uncle, should so far prevail, if *Felicia* appeared during their stay, to influence them in uttering (heated by their mistaken Passions) Sentiments which might shock the Tendernefs and Delicacy of her Nature—that he thought it incumbent on him to give her Notice of this intended Visit, to prevent any surprize of Spirits, she might be affected with—Then, in the Rapture of the Lover, recounting all
the

the Beauties of her Mind, and Person—cried, his Fears were vain! for, to *behold* her, and listen to the persuasive Melody that dwelt upon her *Tongue*, must soften Petulance and Pride, and thaw the frozen rigor of declining Age, into a feeling Pity, and dissolving Tendernefs.

How insensibly do our *own* Passions throw a Veil over those of *others*? or lead us into an Opinion that *theirs* must necessarily subside, and by an implicit Reverence, pay a blind Obedience to *ours*?——But in this, as in a variety of other Instances, Expectation was too sanguine for Reason,

230 History of Sir Harry Herald
Reason, and Reflection; and he
dwelt too intently on the power
of his *own* Passions, to recollect
that his Father, and Uncle, were
extremely tenacious of *theirs*; and
at an Age, not to have them
readily reduced, by the Appear-
ance of a beautiful Object, though
assisted by all those *mental* Charms
he supposed *Felicia* possessed of—
and which she, indeed, had un-
deniable Pretensions to.—But these
were not the Charms that actu-
ated upon *their* Minds — which
were of a kind, they esteemed
far more *solid, rational, and per-
manent* — therefore, not to be
given up for the transitory Allure-
ments

and Sir Edward Haunch. 231

ments of a fine Face; or what might be fondly imagined, a profound Understanding.

Alfred, who though a Lover, yet not being involved in those Perplexities, that attended his Brother's Passion, was not altogether so high in his Hopes, but was apprehensive the old Gentlemen, were not to be moved from their Purpose, by the Features of a *Venus*, though united to the Sagacity of a *Minerva*——therefore proposed his writing to *Felicia*, to prepare her for the meeting of this Triumvirate——of which, they did not know, she was *already* advertised——and to offer it

232 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

it as his Advice, she should avoid being seen; to prevent any disagreeable Altercations, which might arise from such an Interview——

This was readily acceded to, and put into Execution—and in the Letter, every Sentiment that could be suggested by a Lover, of the most passionate Mould——with the warmest Professions of unalterable Constancy, and Truth, not to be shaken by the rigorous and United Injunctions of his Father, and Uncle; or subsequent Hardships, both might impose——that, notwithstanding the lowring Cloud, which now threatened an impending Storm, he
en-

entreated her, with him, to conclude, that a Series of happier Hours was in store; and must be attendant on a Passion which had *Truth* and *Virtue* for its Basis——acquainted her with the generous Resolutions his Brother had formed in his Favour, should his Father and Uncle, proceed to Extremities——therefore, earnestly besought her, not to suffer any of the imagined Misfortunes, she appeared alarmed with in her Letter, relative to *his* Interest, to dwell upon her Mind; and disturb that Repose, he valued beyond Life——that

234 History of Sir Harry Herald
his Brother and himself, should
trespass upon *her's* and *Meli-
ora's* Rest, early the Morning
after the Interview of the old
Gentlemen, to learn its Result,
and concert such Measures with
them, as *that* should render
necessary.

This Letter was dispatched,
and delivered with all imagi-
nable Privacy.—The Effects
wrought by *that*, and the Ne-
gotiation of Sir *Harry Herald*,
and his *Brother*, upon *Felicia's*
future Conduct, will with more
Propriety become Matter for a
subsequent Part of this History,
than fill up a Place *here*—and
from

and Sir Edward Haunch, 235
from a persuasion the Reader
will hereafter be of my Opi-
nion, a farther Apology would
be superfluous,

END of the FIRST VOLUME.



BOOKS printed for F. and J. NOBLE.

1. **T**HE History of a young Lady of Distinction. Exhibiting the various Effects of the Passions of Love and Jealousy, in a Series of affecting and interesting Scenes of Distress and Happiness.

In Nuptials blest each loose Desire we shun;
Nor Time can end what Innocence begun.

GARTH.

In 2 vols. price 6s. Bound.

2. The History of the great Plague in London, in the Year 1665. Containing Observations and Memorials of the most remarkable Occurrences, both public and private, which happened during that dreadful Period.

By a Citizen who lived the Whole Time in London.

To which is added, a Journal of the Plague at Marseilles, in the Year 1720. Price 5s in Boards, or 6s Bound and Gilt.

* * This is the Book so often quoted by Dr. MEAD, in his DISCOURSE on the Plague.

3. The History and Adventures of *Frank Hammond*, price bound 3s.

4 Memoirs of the SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD, in *Covent-Garden*, in 2 vols. 6s.